

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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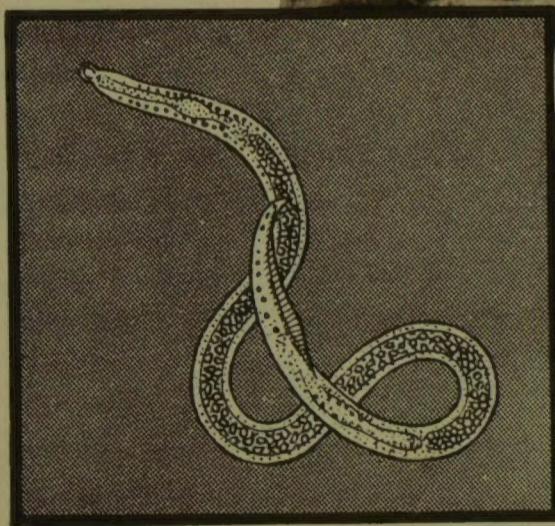


## **larger love-apples**

Tomatoes have put a ring round the world since travellers' tales first told of the succulent Peruvian love-apple. Today, wherever there are warmth and water and good, rich soil—in the open or under glass—the tomato grows readily, puts forth generous trusses of fruit to ripen, and eventually comes profitably to market.

Provided the good rich soil is not, also, a home for nematodes. There are many varieties of these minute yet voracious parasites and two of them, the Potato Root eelworm (*Heterodera rostochiensis*) and the Root-knot eelworm (*Meloidogyne incognita*) are among the tomato's deadliest enemies. In the past, many a sturdy and seemingly-perfect plant mysteriously wilted, weakened and died—victim of the root gnawing hunger of unsuspected nematodes—and there was little the grower could do about it.

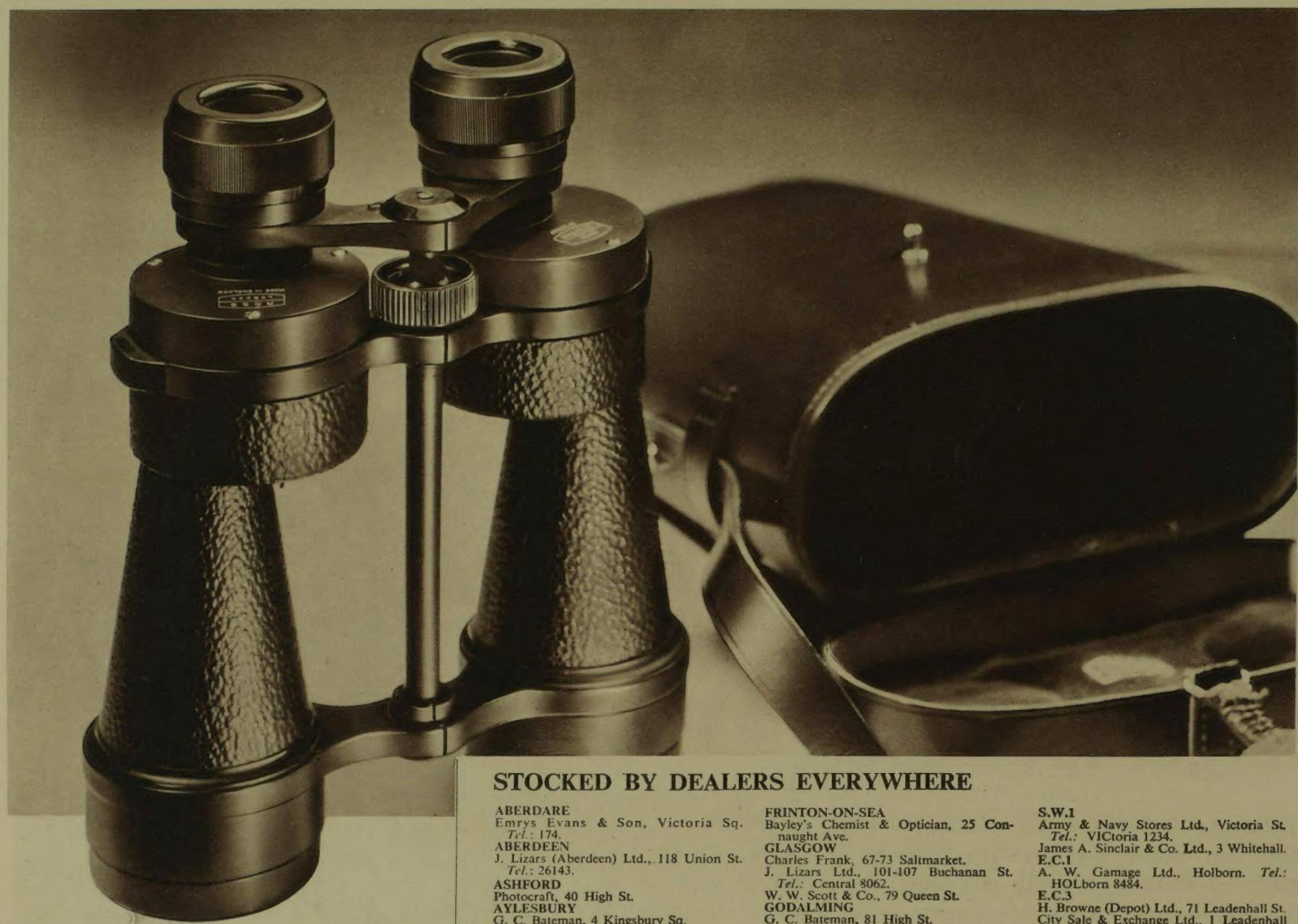
Today, a dramatically powerful Shell soil fumigant, D-D, is opening new vistas of productivity to the world of love-apples. Recent tests have proved that D-D injected into the soil gives virtually complete crop protection against nematodes. And with that protection come almost unbelievable benefits to the grower. In some instances, yields have increased by over 100%; plants have doubled in height and in bearing; fruit has improved in size and quality. Proof indeed of the power of this important Shell pesticide—and of the strangling power of nematodes in *untreated* soil.



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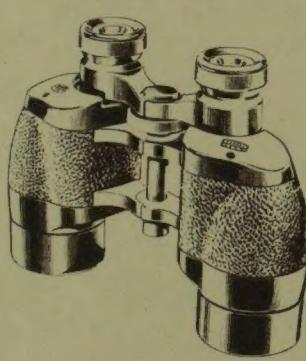




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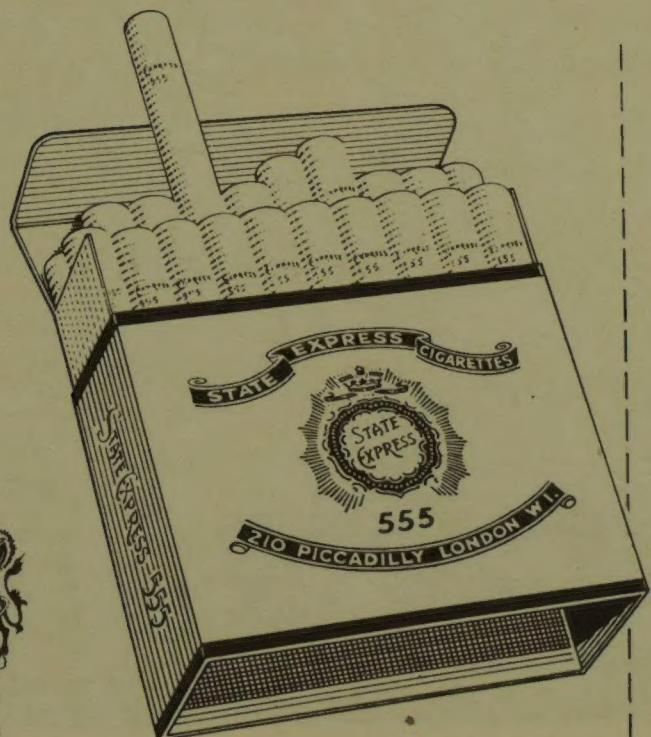
**YORK** Inglis & Son, 28 Stonegate.

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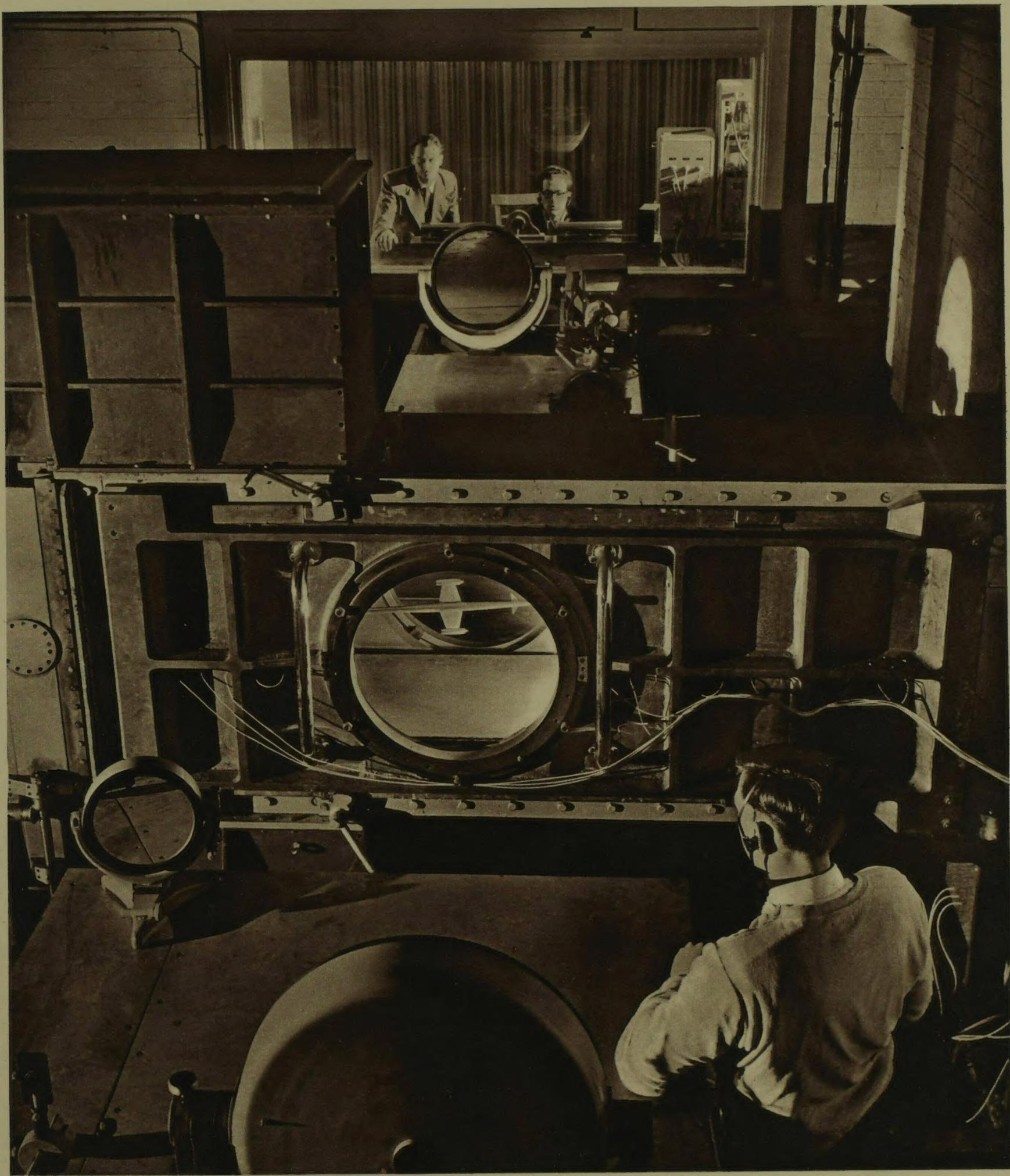


*The Rover Range: 2 LITRE 60; 75 AND 90; 105S; 105R (FULLY AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION)*

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1957.



TOWARDS A NEW BRITISH AIRLINER: A SUPERSONIC AIRCRAFT MODEL IN WIND-TUNNEL TESTS AT WARTON.

In the English Electric Company's wind tunnel at Warton Aerodrome, Lancashire, experiments with models can be made which indicate the conditions experienced when aircraft fly at supersonic speeds, and it was here that much of the research programme for the P.1 supersonic fighter and the *Canberra* bomber was carried out. Above, and of particular interest in view of the Company's recent announcement that it is to begin work on civil aircraft, a model of a typical supersonic airliner is seen

under test in the wind tunnel. To enable the Company to compete in the coming era of fully supersonic aviation, two new wind tunnels are being built at Warton Aerodrome, which will be used by both the guided weapons and the aircraft divisions of English Electric. These new tunnels, which, when completed in 1958, will have a higher performance than any similar type in Britain, will be capable of reproducing flight conditions at up to 4000 m.p.h., or approximately six times the speed of sound.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

**T**HREE are many causes for hope in the world to-day and many for despondency and fear. But, after the spread of the Christian faith, the greatest cause for mankind hoping well of the future, I would suggest, is the development of the ideals that have made the British Commonwealth. That cruelly maligned statesman, Stanley Baldwin—a man who in the hurly-burly of everyday politics never lost sight of the poetry underlying all human relationships—once said of the Commonwealth that “it stands in the sweep of every wind, by the wash of every sea, a witness to that which the spirit of confidence and brotherhood can accomplish in the world. It is a spiritual inheritance which we hold in trust not only for its members but for all the nations that surround it.” Those words remain as true to-day as on the day they were first uttered more than thirty years ago; indeed, they are perhaps even truer.

Everything that strengthens that spirit of mutual confidence and brotherhood, binding, as it does, in spirit, if in nothing else, nations divided from one another by immense distances as well as differences of race, creed and history, is a beneficent force. In the last resort it depends on individuals, respect for whom—every individual—lies at the core of the Christian and libertarian beliefs from which the Commonwealth derives. Any institution that fosters brotherhood and understanding between the individuals who form the component nations of the Commonwealth is one that deserves the support of everyone who has faith in the future of mankind and loves his fellow kind.

Such an institution has grown up in the course of the quarter of a century in the heart of London, though it is probably unknown to nine hundred and ninety-nine Londoners out of every thousand. Its name is London House, and it was first founded in 1930 by a man of prophetic vision, Mr. F. C. Goodenough, the banker, to provide a residential centre in the central Commonwealth capital for post-graduate students of both sexes from every part of the Commonwealth and British Empire and from the United States. It is calculated that something like 30,000 overseas students are normally resident in Britain, of which approximately a third are from British colonial territories, a third from other Commonwealth countries, and the remainder from foreign countries. At least half of them are living and studying in London, and of these the bulk are either students in non-residential colleges and training establishments or post-graduates studying for professions for whom no collegiate accommodation exists. The problem of lodgings and environment is therefore very acute, and the danger that these young men and women—the representatives of the Commonwealth at the Commonwealth's heart—will return to their own lands with, at the best, a very inadequate conception of the social life and amenities of Britain and of the capital city out of which the Empire and Commonwealth sprang. The effect of this must inevitably be to diminish the regard in which the Commonwealth is held in its unity, for such young men and women are, by virtue of their education, likely to become the leaders and educators of public opinion in their respective countries.

It was F. C. Goodenough's realisation of this and his burning faith in the future of the Commonwealth that caused him to found, in the 1930's, the Dominion Students' Hall Trust to raise and administer funds for providing a home where those wishing to concentrate upon their post-graduate studies could do so in a friendly collegiate atmosphere without the inevitable drawbacks of lodgings and hotels. He was assisted in his resolve by others of like mind, including Lord Lothian and that lifelong crusader for every generous cause and, most of all, for the unity of the Commonwealth and Empire, the late L. S. Amery, and, after his own death, by his son—now, alas, dead, too—Sir William Goodenough. With the money he raised and the help of the Nuffield Trust, he bought that lovely and gracious building unit, Mecklenburgh Square, in eastern Bloomsbury, close to London University, the Inns of Court, the British post-graduate Medical Federation, the British Museum and Public Record Office, and most of the city of London's principal training institutions. Here in 1937 Queen Mary opened the first building of what was christened London House, with public rooms and accommodation for housing about forty or fifty people. The plans for enlarging it were interrupted by the outbreak of war, but in 1946, under conditions far more difficult than had been envisaged in the 1930's, the work of construction was resumed, and it is now housing nearly 300 male post-graduate students. During the same post-war period a Lord Mayor's National Thanksgiving Fund, of which the Warden of London House, Brigadier E. C. Pepper, was Honorary Secretary, was inaugurated from the Mansion House as an expression of thanks by the people of Britain to the other peoples of the Commonwealth and the United States for the voluntary aid so generously and spontaneously sent in the form of food parcels during the war. The Fund's objective—defined by the Lord Mayor as being “to record the nation's gratitude in a visible form which will both serve as a permanent historical reminder of the way in which our fellow-citizens overseas and the citizens of the United States came to our aid at the time of our

food shortage and provide a practical day-to-day means of giving expression to our thanks”—was the creation on the northern side of Mecklenburgh Square, facing London House, of a similar collegiate building for the accommodation of women and married students from the overseas Commonwealth countries and from the United States, and the establishment of a Trust to support it called the Sister Trust. This new building, named the William Goodenough House, has been opened in the present year and affords accommodation to 128 girls pursuing post-graduate courses and studies and flats for 25 married students.

Such are the bare outlines of the story of the founding of London House. To appreciate its beauty, its beneficent purpose and the spirit of faith and brotherhood that animates it, one must visit it, passing out of Guilford Street, through its great gateway, surmounted by the arms of the Commonwealth nations, into the quiet green courtyard beyond. It is like entering an Oxford or Cambridge college, or one of the Inns of Court—institutions which London House closely resembles, not only in its seemly and already ageless beauty and quiet, but in its purpose, that of fashioning dedicated men to a common social standard and tradition. For just as the communal life of the Inns of Court in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries created—more even, I think, than the Courts of Law themselves—the pattern of the English legal profession and of English law, so the community life and libertarian but orderly routine of London House is helping to form the future pattern of inter-Commonwealth understanding and relationships. In its beautiful buildings and quadrangles—designed, appropriately enough, by the great traditionalist architect Herbert Baker, whose genius Cecil Rhodes recognised while he was still a young man—more than 5000 Commonwealth students have spent the most impressionable years of their adult lives, living together as members of a great family, itself the microcosm of a greater. All over the world to-day branches of the London House Fellowship—the *alumni* association of former London House residents—bear witness to the binding qualities of this great new institution. In its beautiful dining-hall and library, its common rooms and chapel, with their tall windows opening on to green grass and trees, the men, and in its sister House the women, who are going to shape the public opinion of the Commonwealth nations in years to come are making friendships and contacts and forming ideals and beliefs that are going to last as long as they live, and probably long after.

This noble work needs money—money to meet the rising costs of living and, even more important, to enable its Council (presided over by the wartime director of the Commonwealth's air effort, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Portal of Hungerford) to increase its accommodation and so save more overseas students from the drab loneliness of lodgings in a strange city and present them with the opportunities for those contacts with all that is best and most active in British life and culture that are so important a

part of London House's service to its members. Though the residents pay for their accommodation, the provision of each bed-sitting-room and of the general College amenities costs the Trust an additional £50 a year, and is equivalent to an “invisible scholarship” of this amount. Each room or flat bears over its door the name of the donor, sometimes of an individual, more often of an institution or firm. Thus one reads,

ALAN MACLACHLAN ROOM  
THIS ROOM HAS BEEN GIVEN BY  
COMMANDER AND MRS. K. S. MACLACHLAN  
OF TORONTO, CANADA,  
IN PROUD AND LOVING MEMORY OF THEIR SON  
LIEUT. ALAN MACLACHLAN,  
R.C.N.V.R.

another,

THIS ROOM HAS BEEN GIVEN BY THE  
SOUTHAM NEWSPAPERS OF CANADA  
TO STRENGTHEN THE TIES OF CITIZENSHIP  
WITHIN THE COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE  
1951.

The Commonwealth depends on family feeling, and here is a way by which that feeling can be promoted. In the words of Peter Pepper, the Warden responsible for London House's vigorous community life, “You cannot assemble men and women from all over the Commonwealth world—Quebec, Vancouver, Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland, Colombo, Cape Town—without a lot of friendships being made and without the realisation growing among them that the man and woman on the other side of the street have something to say which is worth saying and worth listening to. I suggest very strongly that a man from overseas who has been in London and under such conditions, when he returns to his own country, returns as a better citizen of that country, which is important; but what is more important still is that he returns as a better citizen of the Commonwealth as a whole.”

PROVIDING OVERSEAS STUDENTS WITH  
A HOME IN BRITAIN: LONDON HOUSE.



FOUR RESIDENTS: (L. TO R.), R. A. DUNSTER, OF MELBOURNE; DR. R. B. SHEARMAN, OF SYDNEY; DR. D. PATELLE AND W. S. GETZ, OF SOUTH AFRICA.



IN THE QUADRANGLE: RESIDENTS STROLLING ON THE LAWN, WHICH WAS GIVEN IN MEMORY OF HAROLD THORNTON, BUILDER OF LONDON HOUSE.



OUTSIDE THE CHURCHILL ROOM: TWO RESIDENTS CHATTING IN THE CORRIDOR.  
LONDON HOUSE WAS FOUNDED IN 1930 BY THE DOMINION STUDENTS' HALL TRUST.

The story of the foundation of London House, and something of its great work, is told by Sir Arthur Bryant in "Our Note Book." Briefly, London House has three specific aims: First, to provide accommodation similar to that of the colleges of the great universities with modern amenities, and at a cost which students can afford. Second, to arrange for students to have the necessary professional introductions and to be given all possible help and guidance in the pursuit of their studies. Third, to ensure that students have every opportunity of taking part in games and recreation and of gaining a real



WHERE BUILDING HAS HAD TO BE STOPPED OWING TO LACK OF FUNDS: A VIEW OF THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE INCOMPLETE NORTH WING.

insight into the life and traditions of the United Kingdom. At a time when the British Commonwealth may well prove to the world that it is the greatest secular power for good, the importance of an institution such as London House cannot be estimated or over-estimated. More than 5000 Commonwealth students have spent some of the most impressionable years of their adult lives as residents at London House, and the vigorous community life they enjoy there represents for them the life and amenities of Britain "and of the capital city out of which the Empire and Commonwealth sprang."

WHERE MEN MAY LEARN THE TRUE MEANING OF  
THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH: LONDON HOUSE.



BENEATH THE EMPIRE CLOCK WHICH TELLS THE TIME IN EVERY PART OF THE COMMONWEALTH: RESIDENTS HAVING A MEAL IN THE DINING HALL.



HUB OF THE HOUSE: THE LARGE COMMON ROOM WHERE EVERYBODY



MEETS TO TALK, READ OR ENJOY A DRINK AT THE BAR.



A COMMON ROOM: THE CHURCHILL ROOM, SO-CALLED IN MEMORY OF THE GIFT TO LONDON HOUSE BY THE WESTMINSTER FUND OF THE WARTIME CHURCHILL CLUB.

**WHEN** Queen Mary opened the first wing of London House in 1937 it had public rooms and accommodation for some forty or fifty people. After World War II the work of construction was resumed, and to-day it is home to nearly 300 male post-graduate students from every part of the Commonwealth. But London House is still incomplete and, sadly, it is short of funds which have held up the building of the north wing since 1951. The building was designed by the late Sir Herbert Baker and the Governors of the Trust have proceeded with the work towards its completion.

[Continued below, right.]



SELECTING A BOOK FROM THE WELL-EQUIPPED PARSONS LIBRARY: R. D. WOOD, THE ONLY U.K. RESIDENT IN THE HOUSE, WHO COMES FROM BEDFORDSHIRE.



IN HIS COMFORTABLE STUDY-BEDROOM WHICH HAS TELEPHONE AND A RADIO: OWEN KIMBERLEY, OF WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND, WHO IS CAPTAIN OF THE LONDON HOUSE RUGBY FOOTBALL XV.



TWO FRIENDS FROM MAURITIUS GETTING READY TO SPEND AN EVENING OUT: B. ESPITALIER-NOËL WITH R. LAMUSSE, WHO IS BRUSHING HIS BOWLER HAT.



(Above) THE "PICCADILLY CIRCUS": THE VESTIBULE NEAR THE LODGE WHERE THE MAIL FROM OVERSEAS IS EAGERLY COLLECTED.



THE COMMON ROOM BAR. DRINKS ARE SERVED BY JOCK, THE POPULAR BARMAN, WHO HAS BEEN WITH LONDON HOUSE SINCE ITS BEGINNING.



GOING OVER FUTURE PLANS FOR LONDON HOUSE: THE WARDEN, BRIGADIER E. C. PEPPER (LEFT), WITH THE BURSAR, MR. H. HARVEY TAYLOR.

*Continued from page 54*  
completion on the lines of Sir Herbert's original design. The students have study bedrooms (with central heating and running water); bathrooms and showers on each floor; a magnificent dining hall with refectory tables made by the late Mr. Robert Thompson of Kilburn, Yorkshire; a cafeteria and snack bar; a well-stocked library; a chapel; a large common room; and a billiard-room. The students do not receive any money from the house, which is essentially a communal residence for Commonwealth students working in England. London House has its own Rugby football, cricket, squash rackets, tennis and golf teams. Visits to places of interest in

and around London are frequently organised. London House is staffed by an enthusiastic team led by the Warden, Brigadier E. C. Pepper, C.B.E., D.S.O., the Controller, Lieutenant-Colonel G. L. Sprunt, M.B.E., and the Deputy Controller, Mr. Neveline G. Nightingale, who, amongst other things, is in charge of sports. Most of the students are post-graduate non-university terms are kept, and the average age of the students is over twenty-seven. Many of these men have taken their first degrees in their home countries.

[Continued above, right.]

*Continued.]* and have come to London for more advanced training. At London House these men are put in touch with experts in their chosen profession who willingly give them help and practical advice so that they may make the very best possible use of their time in the country. The Chairman of the Commonwealth Governors is Marshal of the R.A.F. the Rt. Hon. Viscount Portal of Hungerford, and the Vice-Chairman are Mr. J. S. Crossley and Colonel Percy L. M. Wright, while the Governors include such distinguished men as Field Marshal Earl Alexander-Tunis, Lieutenant-General Lord Freyberg; Sir Eric Machtig, and others.

JULY 13, 1957—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—55  
DESERVING THE SUPPORT OF ALL WITH "FAITH IN THE FUTURE OF MANKIND": LONDON HOUSE.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MUSIC-LOVER.

"FIRST AND LAST LOVE": By VINCENT SHEEAN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

TO the world at large Mr. Vincent Sheean is well known as a peripatetic political correspondent for American newspapers. To himself, it now appears his life has been, above all, a life of musical experience, a passionate pilgrimage. Looking back on it, he has produced a musical autobiography of a kind which I cannot remember having encountered before. The title of the book suggests its nature: it is, in its manner, a love-story. There have been autobiographies by composers, the most fascinating I know being that of Berlioz, whose titanic opera, "The Trojans," has just been staged at Covent Garden. There have been (I dare say, but I can't remember any!) gossipy volumes of reminiscences by professional critics called "My Life of Music," or "Musical Memories," written in the manner of: "It was in 1906, or perhaps 1907, that I first heard Henry Wood conduct 'Finlandia' at Queen's Hall, and thus revealed the portent of Sibelius to the British public: I shall not easily forget the impression it made upon the audience. Some of them had doubtless learnt from Mrs. Rosa Newmarch's flowery notes on the programme that the Tsarist Government had forbidden the playing of it in the Grand Duchy, because of its inflammatory effect upon the Finnish nation; but that stirring, crashing tune, as of a people on the march, etc., etc., and (for Wood never flagged in his allegiance to that massive solitary in his northern forests) thereafter there were revealed to them symphony after symphony, symphonic poem after symphonic poem, until the name of Sibelius became as familiar to owners of wireless sets as that of Edward Elgar"—whose name, I may remark, does not even appear in Mr. Sheean's Index.

This book bears no relation to that sort of book: there is no touch of journalism or book-making in it. It is dedicated to Lotte Lehmann, to whose exquisite singing Mr. Sheean pays frequent tribute: and she is quoted by the publisher as saying: "A book which all music lovers will find stimulating and enriching. He has the pen of a poet and the heart of an artist." That may sound an odd thing to say about a journalist who rushes around the world reporting what the Governor of South Korea said about the Governor of North Korea (we know well what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina), but it is utterly true. I think that it was Anatole France (it might equally well have been Jules Lemaître) who said that criticism was "the adventure of the soul among masterpieces." That, of course, is lop-sided, like all generalisations, except those, based on ancient foundations, which should, and, with decent men, do, govern conduct. The professional critic has to take things as they come, and most of them are far from being masterpieces. But Mr. Sheean, with music, has had this adventure. His taste, and his response, have changed on the way: but the language of sound has always meant more to him than any other language.

I am, I take it, about sixteen years older than he. I was brought up by a musical mother and forced to begin on the piano at four and allowed, under protest, to give it up at nine ("You'll regret it all your life!" "Yes, I know, mother [and I did] but I can't stand these cold keys any more at these early hours"), and like Mr. Sheean, my junior, I afterwards dabbled with various instruments. Mr. Sheean hadn't quite such a good start. He was born in a small Illinois town of poor Irish-immigrant stock. There was no encouragement to his music at home, although he snatched moments of enjoyment when the annual Chautauqua (or Fair) paraded in the local park. Music, in the local community, was regarded as "some aptitude at the piano combined with some freshness of voice if not too seriously employed—

a kind of adjunct or secondary weapon in the young lady's battle to get married; once she had won the battle it was of no further use."

Even in those deadly "small-town" surroundings Mr. Sheean found his approach. I have always thought that, in whatever surroundings a man may be born, nothing but starvation or violence will stop him from achieving his natural destiny. In Mr. Sheean's native town there was a man, the son of a German drug-store keeper, who played the piano. "He played with strength, velocity and skill, as I remember very well: he was certainly the first person I ever heard do so. The 'big' Chopin polonaise, afterwards endemic to the juke-boxes of a much later era, the 'Marche Militaire' of Schubert-Tausig, some Liszt

and more was a moral defeat from which he never did recover."

Thereafter, Mr. Sheean moved to the University of Chicago, in his own State. In that whirling city there was an opera house (and, as I can testify, a superb one) and he saw many operas and heard many great singers by acting as an usher. A life-long passion for opera developed: if he couldn't listen to an opera he would go to a concert-hall and listen to a singer. He pays beautiful tributes to most of the great singers of our time: I think he does less than justice to Elena Gerhardt, of whom he says that her "mastery of the literature was great, but whose sad contralto was incapable of real lightness." I wonder how often he heard her, with her impeccable accompanist, Nikisch. Portly, it must be admitted, she was; as most singers ultimately become. But (and my memory goes back before the first German War) nobody who heard her sing "The Trout" of Schubert, with her face looking like a landscape, now sunlit, now cloud-chased, and gay to a degree, could accuse her of being "incapable of real lightness."

But what a small dispute this is! Mr. Sheean, on his "assignments," has visited most of the centres of civilisation, especially Italy and Austria, and occasionally has been able to stay in them for many months. Of England he has been able to take little notice. Elgar and Vaughan Williams are not in his index: he has interviewed Sir Winston Churchill and passed on. He has, he admits, gone through the Wagner measles, and arrived at Mozart and the Italians, Verdi chief amongst them, but Rossini no bad second. This is where I part company from him. When I was an undergraduate the first English performances of "The Ring" were put on at Covent Garden which for years was, or might have been called, "the Royal Italian Opera," nothing being produced except Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti. My enthusiastic undergraduate friends rushed to London to see Wagner. The man repelled me. I could not forecast Hitler (who adored Wagner and "The Merry Widow"), but Wagner, to me, was a Teutonic premonition of doom.

Mr. Sheean recovered from Wagner; I, I am glad to say, never surrendered to that overwhelming brute. As an undergraduate I merrily remarked that Mozart was my notion of a musician and a man. Mr. Sheean, after his long pilgrimage, has come to the same conclusion.

Somebody said to me the other day that there was "too much Mozart on the wireless nowadays." There couldn't be too much.

Like Mr. Sheean, I have had my musical pilgrimage. I have not gone so far afield as he. I have known few of the great singers, and never met Toscanini. I must admit also that I have always been more interested in composers than in performers. But all through his beautiful book I have travelled with a shared experience. He leaves me with a feeling that his emotional life has been mine.

Few people do that.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. VINCENT SHEEAN. Mr. Vincent Sheean was born in the United States, at Pana, Illinois, in 1899. He was educated at the University of Chicago, and worked as newspaper reporter. In 1922 he embarked on his career as a foreign correspondent during which he paid many visits to Europe. His publications include: "The Tide"; "Between the Thunder and the Sun"; "This House Against This House"; "A Certain Rich Man"; "Lead Kindly Light"; "Rage of the Soul" and "Lily."

### A NOTABLE FILM OCCASION IN LONDON.



AT THE LONDON PREMIERE OF "AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS" ON JULY 2: THE DUCHESS OF KENT BEING WELCOMED BY THE PRODUCER, MR. MICHAEL TODD, AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA BY LADY PAMELA BERRY.



THE START OF THE FABULOUS PARTY GIVEN BY MR. TODD AFTER THE PREMIERE: PLEASURE BOATS LANDED WITH GUESTS ABOUT TO LEAVE CHARING CROSS PIER FOR THE PLEASURE GARDENS IN BATTERSEA PARK WHERE MR. TODD ENTERTAINED SOME 2000 GUESTS.

In the evening of July 2 and in the early hours of July 3 London saw an outstanding example of American showmanship organised by Mr. Michael Todd. The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra attended the première of his notable film "Around the World in 80 Days," which was held at the Astoria Cinema in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund. After this glittering occasion a fleet of buses took many of the audience to Charing Cross pier, where they and other guests boarded launches which took them to the Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park. Mr. Todd provided plenteous food and wine, music, dancing and all the fun of the fair for his guests, and even the intermittent rain could not spoil this incredible entertainment.

*These reproductions have no connection with the book under review.*

rhapsodies and other piano-music of the kind, would come thundering out from under his long, nervous fingers, and I was already, at a very early age, of the breed of listener who can happily hear—and urgently request—the same thing over and over. He did not have his concert career; he came home from school and took over, gradually, his father's big drug-store, as was the duty of an only son; but I am sure, not only by instinct but by what I remember of the endless talk on this matter, that his surrender to the folkways

have known few of the great singers, and never met Toscanini. I must admit also that I have always been more interested in composers than in performers. But all through his beautiful book I have travelled with a shared experience. He leaves me with a feeling that his emotional life has been mine.

Few people do that.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 84 of this issue

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



G. M. MALENKOV: FORMERLY A VICE-PREMIER AND NOW SUCCEDED AS MINISTER OF POWER STATIONS BY ALEXEI PAVLENKO.



V. M. MOLOTOV : ALSO A FORMER CLOSE ASSOCIATE OF STALIN AND UNTIL RECENTLY IN THE PRAESIDIUM AND MINISTER OF STATE CONTROL.



AMONG THE SOVIET LEADERS DISMISSED: L. M. KAGANOVICH, ONCE CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH STALIN AND MINISTER FOR BUILDING MATERIALS.



APPARENTLY "REGARDLESS OF THEIR DOOM": THE FOUR DISMISSED SOVIET LEADERS—ALL OF THEM SMILING—at a reception with KRUSHCHEV AND BULGANIN ON JUNE 14, SHORTLY BEFORE THE UPHEAVAL. ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS KAGANOVICH; IN THE CENTRE, AT THE BACK, ARE MOLOTOV AND SHEPILOV, AND TO THE RIGHT, MALENKOV. TO MALENKOV'S LEFT IS PERVUKHIN, AN ECONOMIC EXPERT, NOW REDUCED IN STATUS.



M. Z. SABUROV: STILL A MEMBER OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE, BUT NOT RE-ELECTED TO THE PRAESIDIUM.



D. SHEPILOV: EXCLUDED FROM THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE AND FROM CANDIDATE MEMBERSHIP IN THE PRAESIDIUM.



M. G. PERVUKHIN: REDUCED TO THE POSITION OF CANDIDATE MEMBER OF THE PRAESIDIUM.

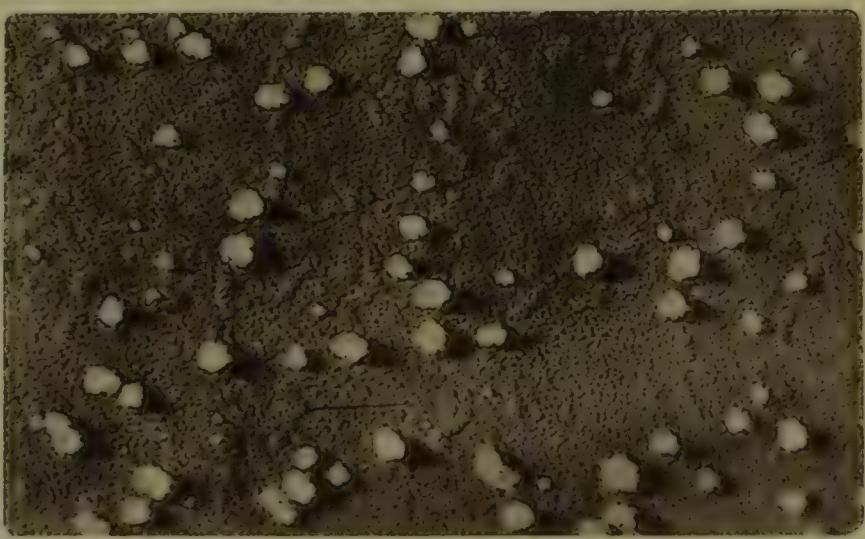
In a communiqué of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, published on July 3 and reporting a meeting of the Committee lasting from June 22 to 29, important changes in the Soviet leadership were made known. Mr. Molotov, Mr. Kaganovich and Mr. Malenkov were expelled from the Committee and its Praesidium and Mr. Shepilov was dismissed as a Candidate Member of the Praesidium and as a Member and a Secretary of the Central Committee. The next day Molotov, Kaganovich and Malenkov were dismissed

from their Ministerial posts. In the communiqué, Molotov was attacked for hampering Soviet efforts towards international peace and understanding and for opposing industrial policies and the policy of "different ways to Socialism," and the other three were said to have sided with him. The membership of the Praesidium was increased from 11 to 15 and this change is reported to have further considerably strengthened Mr. Krushchev's position. Two economic experts, Mr. Pervukhin and Mr. Saburov, were also reduced in status.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



WEST GERMANY. THE WEST GERMAN NAVY'S FIRST SUBMARINE LAUNCHED AT KIEL ON JULY 1: UW 20, WHICH WAS SALVAGED OFF THE DANISH COAST LAST SUMMER. Last summer the former German U-boat 2365 was salvaged from the sea near the Danish coast, where it had been scuttled in 1945. Built in 1944, the 250-ton submarine was found to be in excellent condition, and having been renovated she is to be used for training purposes.



THE UNITED STATES. AN UNPLEASANT VISITOR FROM ASIA: THE NEW STRAIN OF INFLUENZA VIRUS MAGNIFIED MANY THOUSAND TIMES BY AN ELECTRON MICROSCOPE. This is believed to be the first photograph to be released of the Asian influenza virus which has stricken many thousands in the Far and Middle East in recent months. It is now reported to be spreading rapidly in Holland. This photograph comes from the Parke-Davis pharmaceutical research department in Detroit, where a vaccine has been developed.



THE SOVIET UNION. A FASHION DISPLAY IN MOSCOW: MANNEQUINS, WEARING THE LATEST RUSSIAN FASHIONS, PARADING IN THE PALACE OF SPORTS, BEFORE AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE.

At a recent International Fashion Congress in Moscow, models from Soviet bloc countries demonstrated the latest styles for the autumn. Designers selected the best examples and then showed some of them to the Moscow public in the vast Palace of Sports. The low neck-line, once so frowned upon, is appearing again.



JAPAN. AT A RAILWAY STATION IN OSAKA AFTER MANY DAYS OF HEAVY RAIN: PASSENGERS WADING THROUGH THE FLOOD WATERS WHICH INUNDATED THE AREA. THE RAINS AND FLOODS FOLLOWED THE TYPHOON VIRGINIA, WHICH HAD ALREADY CAUSED HEAVY DAMAGE.



NEW YORK. PART OF A NATION-WIDE UNITED STATES DRIVE FOR MORE CIVIL DEFENCE VOLUNTEERS: AN ANCIENT CANNON PLACED IN TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK, DURING THE RECRUITING DRIVE.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



BERLIN. A FEATURE OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUILDING EXHIBITION IN THE WESTERN SECTOR OF BERLIN: A HUGE CRANE WITH TWO "GONDOLAS"—EACH SEATING THIRTY PERSONS FOR A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION.



BRUSSELS. PART OF THE SCHEME TO SOLVE THE BELGIAN CAPITAL'S SERIOUS TRAFFIC PROBLEMS: A THREE-LANE OVERHEAD ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

In addition to its extensive preparations for the 1958 Brussels International Exhibition the Belgian capital has undertaken extensive schemes to relieve the city's traffic congestion. At several of the worst points, tunnels fly-unders, and this overhead road will provide considerable improvement.



BERLIN. A VIEW OF THE BUILDING EXHIBITION FROM ONE OF THE "GONDOLAS": THE EIGHT-STOREY BLOCK OF FLATS DESIGNED BY THE FINNISH ARCHITECT ALVAR AALTO IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT. On July 6 President Heuss officially opened the extensive International Building Exhibition which is to be seen in the Western Sector of Berlin for three months. The central feature of the exhibition is the reconstruction of the Hansa quarter, which was completely destroyed in the war. Among architects from many countries the only English architect represented is Mr. F. R. S. Yorke.



FRANCE. AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS TO THE DUCHESS OF WÜRTTEMBERG AT DREUX ON JULY 5: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WITH THEIR ATTENDANTS.



FRANCE. DURING A DAY OF POMP AND SPLENDOUR: PRINCE HENRI AND HIS BRIDE, WHO WAS WEARING A NINE-YARD-LONG TRAIN, AT THE RECEPTION. Royalty of many nationalities attended the wedding on July 5 at Dreux, 50 miles west of Paris, of Prince Henri of Orleans, Count of Clermont, eldest son of the Pretender to the French Throne, the Count of Paris, to the Duchess Marie-Thérèse of Württemberg. The marriage was solemnised by the Archbishop of Paris in the Royal chapel.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



JAPAN. THE END OF FAR EAST COMMAND: THE CEREMONY AT TOKYO ON JULY 1, WHEN THE UNITED NATIONS FLAG WAS TAKEN DOWN FOR TRANSFER TO KOREA.

On July 1 the United Nations flag which has flown at Pershing Heights, Tokyo, was hauled down for the last time, when the command was transferred to Korea. After the parade, in which General Lemnitzer accepted the flag, he flew immediately to Seoul to hand it over.



MARYLAND, U.S.A. ROCKABYE AIRCRAFT IN A TREETOP. . . . THE UNHURT PILOT OF A SMALL AIRCRAFT WHICH COLLIDED WITH A 40-FT.-HIGH TREETOP AT ROCKVILLE, LEAVING HIS AIRCRAFT BY LADDER.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. BACK TO LIFE AFTER 54 DAYS IN THE WILDERNESS, WHERE HE HAD BEEN GIVEN UP FOR DEAD: LIEUTENANT D. A. STEEVES (BEARDED) TALKING TO REPORTERS. On July 1 Lieutenant Steeves made his way to a Forest Rangers' station in King's Canyon National Park, California. His aircraft had blown up fifty-four days previously and the U.S.A.F. had posted him as dead. During this period he had suffered great hardships.



TEXAS, U.S.A. SAFE AFTER BEING LOST FOR NEARLY A WEEK IN BIG BEND NATIONAL PARK: MRS. CLIFFORD WHITE AT ALPINE, TEXAS, ON JULY 2. Mrs. White and her husband, distinguished botanists, had been collecting cactus plants near the Rio Grande. Their car broke down and Mr. White died, apparently of heat and exhaustion. Mrs. White was spotted from the air on a mountainside.



NORTHERN MALAYA. GUIDING IN AN R.A.F. HELICOPTER, WHICH WAS TO TAKE MEN OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN REGIMENT INTO ACTION AGAINST A COMMUNIST TERRORIST GROUP. In a brisk action in northern Malaya, near the Siamese frontier, men of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment and the 2nd Bn., The Royal Australian Regiment, supported by Australian gunners and helicopters of the R.A.F., were engaged in a sharp action against about thirty Communists.



NORTHERN MALAYA. WAITING TO GO INTO ACTION BY HELICOPTER AGAINST THE COMMUNISTS: A PRIVATE OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN REGIMENT, WITH HIS TRACKER DOG, JEWEL.

THE despairing shout that went up at Waterloo marked the final defeat of Napoleon. Does the news from the Battle of Moscow mark the final defeat of Stalin and Stalinism? On this occasion what has happened is much clearer to the outside world than most of the Soviet crises have been at the time. A Stalinist group in the highest ranks of the Communist Party and the Government has been condemned and removed from power. The official disavowal of Stalinism has been confirmed. The policy of Mr. Khrushchev has triumphed. The man himself is more than ever the arbiter of Soviet destinies—but, of course, without the personality cult of the bad old days. This news is of enormous importance within the Soviet Union, to Communism outside, and to the world in general.

Officially, a plenary meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has condemned as incompatible with Leninist principles the proceedings of Messrs. Malenkov, Kaganovich and Molotov, and of Shepilov who joined them in their activities. Malenkov, Kaganovich and Molotov have been excluded from the Praesidium of the Central Committee—the supreme power in Russia—and from the Committee itself. Shepilov has been removed from his post as Secretary to the Central Committee, from his alternate membership of the Praesidium, and from his membership of the Central Committee. The word "alternate" may raise a smile in capitalist circles because it is familiar in big business, but its meaning here is rather that of probation or the waiting-list.

The wording of the condemnation of the three big men is unusually clear and refreshingly free from the trite form of jargon. They formed themselves into a sort of block to oppose progress and the party line against Stalinism. This alliance cannot have been of very long standing. Molotov and Kaganovich were, certainly staunch Stalinists in the days of Stalin, and it is not surprising to find them stone-walling. Nor is there any reason to doubt the sincerity of their belief that Khrushchev was going too fast. Malenkov, however, was at one time representative of some more or less liberal tendencies. His encouragement of the supply of consumer goods to the people was not in the Stalinist tradition, and at that time he was considered to be going too fast with his own hobby. Nor does Shepilov, a lesser figure, at first sight fit into a partnership with Molotov and Kaganovich.

An interesting feature of this crisis and one which casts a not unfavourable light on present political conditions in the Soviet Union is that three of these four men had been given more than one chance. Malenkov and Shepilov had been definitely sacked, one from the office of Prime Minister, the other, more recently, from that of Foreign Minister; Molotov had been, most observers thought, "kicked upstairs" and had lost the office in which his heart had always been and in which he himself had become almost an institution. It is also notable that the offences of which all four are now accused would formerly have incurred the death penalty. One need not be a fellow traveller if one despises a great improvement here.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### LA GARDE RECULE!

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The offences extended over a very wide field and were equally grave as regards home and foreign politics. In the former group the worst, and the one which gives the key to the others, was stubborn opposition to the loosening of the inhuman and inelastic bureaucratic control which was the distinguishing feature of Stalin's domestic policy and of all Communist rule—including the "Leninism" which is now put forward as standing for decentralisation and local initiative. This attitude affected politics and economics alike. For instance, the offenders are, on the one hand,

### A MAJOR EXPLOSION IN THE SUN.



"ONE OF THE BIGGEST SOLAR FLARES EVER RECORDED": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE SWEDISH OBSERVATORY IN THE ISLE OF CAPRI, SHOWING THE EXPLOSION OF JULY 3—THE WHITISH PATCH HALF-WAY UP THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE.

The International Geophysical Year started with a burst of solar activity, and the Swedish observers in Capri noted in the morning of July 3 a vast explosion which lasted over three hours. The explosion led to a widespread radio "black-out." The photograph shows this explosion, or flare, as indicated above. The other markings on the solar disk may be identified as follows: the circular black spots are sun-spots; the various white markings are bright hydrogen flocculi; and the dark smears near the major flare and at the bottom are dark hydrogen markings.

condemned for their opposition to the extension of the rights of the Republics of the Union, and, on the other hand, for their efforts to prevent the establishment of incentives to collective farmers. They must be stupid men if they have committed the latter error, since collective farming has a disastrous history.

In the foreign field we find again a general error of principle and particular errors brought about by it. These men had been hostile to peaceful co-existence. Molotov himself had fought a long rearguard-action against the efforts of his colleagues to improve relations with Yugoslavia. His erroneous stand on this matter was unanimously condemned by a plenary meeting of the Central Committee in 1955. He also created obstacles to the treaty with Austria, though it contributed to the decrease of international tension. He opposed

the return to normal relations with Japan. He opposed personal contacts with the West. Here, however, we must say a word for him. The main reason for their virtual cessation is the crime in Hungary, which is not mentioned.

In fact, Hungary is the spectre at the feast. There is no reason to suppose any difference of opinion in the camp of thuggery in which Hungary was throttled. And instructed British military opinion believes that the decisive feature of intervention in Hungary was the action of Marshal Zhukov and that he personally threw the Army into the scale. Now the Marshal, formerly only an alternate, has become a full member of the new Praesidium. Shall we hear a little later on that Molotov was really responsible for the crime in Hungary and, if so, shall we believe it? I shall not be among the believers.

It is perhaps one of the characteristics of Communist rule that governments which adhere to that faith are doomed to be split into bitterly opposed groups. This has been so almost continuously since the Bolshevik Revolution. Even when apparent unanimity has been reached it has not lasted long. Now it looks as though the Khrushchev-Bulgarian combination and their policy would have a clear and straight run; but even they, strong as their position is and popular as is their policy, cannot count on absence of opposition or, indeed, on avoiding another of the periodical crises. What they may hope for, if they play their good cards well, is to regain in the Communist world some of the prestige which has slipped into the hands of China. What they have said and done is likely to be received with sycophantic approval by the majority of other Communists outside Russia.

What are we to expect in the future? Nothing as sensational as this for the time being. In the first place, I suggest we shall see a strong effort to live down the shame of the Hungarian episode and to resume the closer personal relations with Western statesmen which were interrupted by it. Secondly, we may see a more sympathetic attitude to disarmament. (This had been expected to appear during the most recent discussions and the reality had proved, on the whole, disappointing.) I should not think that Russia could afford to open her doors more than a few inches wider for the

present, but I believe she will be glad to do so if she reaches the stage when she can afford to let others see her people and her people see others.

How often do people ask the shallow question: "Does Russia really want peaceful co-existence?" The answer can only be: "Of course she does. It is one of her dearest wishes. She is certain to revive her former efforts to achieve it—but, we do not know, and you will be well advised to treat as a charlatan anyone who professes to be certain, with what final end in view she seeks it and how long she would desire it to last." This has been the situation for some time and is likely to continue to be. Leaving this problem aside as insoluble, the probability is that Russia will become a degree freer, a little more open to the world, a little more normal, rather more what we should call, perhaps arrogantly, "civilised." Long-term changes may be much greater.

## THE QUEEN MOTHER IN RHODESIA; THE ROYAL SHOW; AND OTHER ITEMS.



THE QUEEN MOTHER, IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA, LOOKS OUT OVER SALISBURY, WITH SIR ROBERT TREDGOLD, FROM THE TOPOSCOPE—A VIEW-POINT ON THE KOPJE.



AT HER INSTALLATION AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE MULTI-RACIAL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH THE PRINCIPAL, DR. ADAMS.



MEETING AN AFRICAN FAMILY, HOUSEHOLDERS IN THE BIG NATIVE TOWN NEAR SALISBURY WHICH SHE VISITED: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.

On July 2 the Queen Mother arrived by air in a Bristol *Britannia* at Salisbury for a fortnight's tour of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. On July 5 she was installed first President of the new multi-racial University College.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL SHOW: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE DRIVING SLOWLY THROUGH THE CROWDS AT NORWICH IN AN OPEN LAND-ROVER, ON JULY 3. The Royal Show opened at Norwich on July 2 for four days. The Duke of Edinburgh is this year's President. Her Majesty visited the show with him on July 3, when there was an attendance of over 45,000. With Prince Philip she drove from point to point in the show and presented medals and trophies.



QUEEN ELIZABETH PRESENTING THE CUP FOR THE HUNTER CHAMPIONSHIP, WON BY MAJOR NATHAN'S HEAVYWEIGHT, MIGHTY RARE.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA TALKING WITH SOME OF THE INMATES OF EDMOND CLOSE, THE SECOND WEMBLEY EVENTIDE HOME, WHICH IS SITUATED AT EALING AND WHICH SHE OPENED ON JULY 5. WEMBLEY'S FIRST HOME OF THIS KIND IS AT STANMORE.



PRINCESS MARGARET PRESENTING THE AMERICAN CUP FOR GALLANTRY TO CADET J. BURT, OF LYTHAM ST. ANNES, WHEN SHE ATTENDED A ST. JOHN AMBULANCE RALLY AT TAUNTON—WHERE SHE OPENED A NEW HEADQUARTERS.

THE QUEEN AT THE  
DUKE OF CORNWALL'S  
SCHOOL SPORTS DAY:  
THE YOUNG PRINCE  
SHOWS HIS PACES  
BEFORE HIS PARENTS  
AND SISTER.



(Right.) WATCHED BY THE QUEEN DURING THE SPORTS DAY AT HIS KNIGHTSBRIDGE SCHOOL: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL BOWLING DURING A CRICKET MATCH.



A ROYAL GYMNAST SHOWS HIS PROWESS: PRINCE CHARLES (RIGHT) SWINGING ACROSS THE BAR DURING HIS SCHOOL SPORTS WHICH WERE HELD AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S HEADQUARTERS IN CHELSEA.



A RIGHT ROYAL LEAP IN THE AIR: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL TAKING A VIGOROUS JUMP IN AN OBSTACLE COURSE AT HIS SCHOOL SPORTS HELD IN CHELSEA ON JULY 8.



A RUN FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S TEAM: THE YOUNG PRINCE BETWEEN WICKETS DURING THE CRICKET MATCH AT HIS SCHOOL SPORTS.



WATCHED BY HIS PARENTS AND SISTER: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL PLAYING IN A HANDBALL GAME. THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCESS ANNE ARE SEATED AMONG THE PARENTS ON THE RIGHT.

During the afternoon of July 8 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by Princess Anne, joined some 300 other parents and relations in watching the School Sports Day of the Knightsbridge School which the Duke of Cornwall has been attending since January. The Sports took place at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, and Prince Charles took an active part



A GUN-DRILL EVENT DURING THE SCHOOL SPORTS: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL (SECOND FROM LEFT, STANDING) HELPING TO DISMANTLE A GUN CARRIAGE IN A GUN-DRILL COMPETITION.

in most of the events. The Prince and his 100 schoolfellows had driven to the sports ground in a private London bus. In the hour-long display, which ranged from a special "circular" cricket match to a gun-carriage demonstration, the eight-year-old Duke of Cornwall gave his parents a good demonstration of his all-round abilities on the sports field.

THE 1957 HENLEY  
ROYAL REGATTA:  
FINE ROWING AND  
EXCITING RACING  
IN A SUCCESSFUL  
FINAL DAY.

(Right.) AN ALL-AMERICAN FINAL IN THE LOVELY SETTING OF HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA: CORNELL UNIVERSITY (RIGHT) WINNING THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP BY  $\frac{1}{2}$  LENGTH FROM YALE UNIVERSITY.



THE END OF A CLOSELY FOUGHT FINAL: D. A. T. LEADLEY AND C. G. V. DAVIDGE (LEANDER) — PASS THE WINNING POST  $\frac{1}{2}$  LENGTH AHEAD OF THE AUSTRIANS J. KLOIMSTEIN AND A. SAGEDER TO WIN THE SILVER GOBLETS.



A REVERSAL OF AN OLYMPIC RESULT IN THE DIAMOND SCULLS: S. A. MACKENZIE (AUSTRALIA) LEADING V. IVANOV (U.S.S.R.) IN THE FINAL, WHICH HE WON BY 4 FT.



OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE IN THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' PLATE: PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, WINNING BY 1 LENGTH FROM CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.



A LONDON WIN IN THE FINAL OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH CUP: ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL LEADING SHREWSBURY SCHOOL TO WIN BY  $1\frac{1}{2}$  LENGTHS.



A RUSSIAN VICTORY: CLUB KRYLIA SOVETOV, U.S.S.R., WINNING EASILY IN THE FINAL OF THE STEWARDS' CHALLENGE CUP AGAINST LONDON ROWING CLUB.

Five countries, including Great Britain, were represented in the races on Finals Day (July 6) at Henley Royal Regatta. One of the most exciting races of the day was the final of the Silver Goblets in which the Leander pair (who had won a memorable semi-final against a Russian pair on the previous day) just held off the strong challenge of the Austrians. The all-American final of the Grand Challenge Cup provided a memorable display of fine rowing in a

closely fought race which Cornell won by  $\frac{1}{2}$  length, the greatest distance that ever divided them from Yale in this race. The Diamond Sculls went to Australia with Mackenzie's close victory over Ivanov. Princeton University, U.S.A., won the Thames Cup by 1 length from the National Provincial Bank, who were, however, compensated by winning the Wyfold Cup in the last race of the day, beating Putney Town Rowing Club by 3 lengths.

**HER MAJESTY'S FIRST VISIT ON FINALS DAY;  
AND THE 1957 WIMBLEDON CHAMPIONS.**



(Above.)

MEN'S SINGLES CHAMPION FOR THE SECOND YEAR RUNNING: L. A. HOAD (AUSTRALIA) RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AFTER DEFEATING HIS COMPATRIOT, A. J. COOPER (LEFT).

THE two dominant factors of this year's Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon were the exceptionally fine weather and a handful of outstanding players. L. A. Hoad's memorable victory in the all-Australian final of the Men's Singles on the Friday, when he defeated A. J. Cooper 6–2, 6–1, 6–2, made him only the third defending champion to win again since 1922. This match was a fine foretaste of the play on Finals Day (July 6), during which her Majesty paid her very first visit to the Championships. She saw Miss Gibson gain the ladies' crown, and become the first coloured player ever to win a Wimbledon championship, by beating her fellow-American, Miss Hard, 6–3, 6–2. The Men's Doubles provided the unexpected victory, in the most exciting match of the day, of the older American pair, G. Mulloy and B. Patty, over the Australians Hoad and Fraser. The earlier contestants of the Ladies' Singles, Miss Gibson and Miss Hard, were, the winners against Mrs. Hawton and Mrs. Long (both from Australia) in the Ladies' Doubles final. The last major final of the day, the Mixed Doubles, saw only one player not previously engaged in an earlier final, M. G. Rose, who, partnered by Miss Hard, defeated Fraser and Miss Gibson.

Hard, defeated Fraser and Miss Gibson.

(Right.) AN UNEXPECTED RESULT: B. PATTY AND G. MULLOY (LEFT), THE UNSEEDED WINNERS OF THE MEN'S DOUBLES, RECEIVING THEIR TROPHY FROM THE QUEEN AFTER DEFEATING N. A. FRASER (EXTREME LEFT) AND L. A. HOAD.



A HISTORIC OCCASION: THE QUEEN, ON HER FIRST VISIT TO WIMBLEDON, PRESENTING THE TROPHY TO MISS A. GIBSON, WHO HAD DEFEATED MISS D. R. HARD (LEFT) IN THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' SINGLES.



MISS GIBSON'S SECOND TITLE: THE DUCHESS OF KENT PRESENTING THE TROPHY TO MISS GIBSON AND MISS HARD AFTER THEY HAD DEFEATED MRS. K. HAWTON (LEFT) AND MRS. T. D. LONG IN THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' DOUBLES.



THE FINALISTS IN THE MIXED DOUBLES: MISS HARD AND M. G. ROSE (RIGHT), WHO DEFEATED MISS GIBSON AND N. A. FRASER BY 6–4, 7–5. IT WAS THE THIRD MATCH OF THE DAY FOR BOTH MISS HARD AND MISS GIBSON.

TWO WELL-LOVED  
AMERICAN SYMBOLS IN  
A SINGLE SPARKLING  
PANORAMA:  
*MAYFLOWER II* SAILS  
TOWARDS THE STATUE  
OF LIBERTY, ON HER  
WAY INTO  
NEW YORK HARBOUR.

ON July 1, *Mayflower II*, which had come down on tow from Massachusetts and spent the previous night at Staten Island pier, moved under sail and with a fresh breeze towards the Statue of Liberty and New York Harbour. She received a tumultuous harbour reception, with fireboats shooting streams of water high in the air, harbour craft sounding their sirens and helicopters flying all around. It was the last factor which proved too much for seventeenth-century navigational technique. As the ship moved to pass the Statue of Liberty, one helicopter dropped down close on the port side while another passed simultaneously on the starboard. This combination robbed *Mayflower's* sail of wind; she lost speed and swung round counter-clockwise until she picked up the wind again. But by this time she was pointing in the wrong direction and began to move off back to Staten Island. The helicopters were signalled to keep away, the sails were furled and the tug *Dale Silence* called to take *Mayflower II* on tow. Captain Villiers is reported to have said: "The helicopters and their big blades spinning round there broke up my wind pattern. I can't sail this boat with two winds." When the ship docked mid-town, she received a tumultuous welcome and a crowd of about 1,000 was waiting at the dockside. The following day, July 2, was *Mayflower* Day in New York, and cheering crowds lined Lower Broadway and showers of ticker tape drifted down from the skyscrapers in the brilliant sunshine, and *Mayflower's* crew in seventeenth-century costume marched to the City Hall headed by Captain Villiers in an open car, the parade being escorted by mounted police. There were bands from the Army, the Navy, the Air Force and the New York Fire Department; and contingents from the Marines, Coast Guard and the Merchant Marine also took part in the parade. The controversy between the various sponsors of the *Mayflower* Project had meanwhile been amicably settled; and on July 3 the deed was executed and signed by Mr. Felix Fenston, which establishes the *Mayflower* Foundation Trust. The other trustees, Sir Alfred Bosom, M.P., and the Duke of Argyll, were expected to sign the deed later.



## FROM LONDON TO BRISTOL: A CIGAR FOR SIR WINSTON, AND OTHER EVENTS.



(Above.)  
A ROYAL NAVY "DIDO"  
CLASS CRUISER TRANS-  
FERRED TO THE  
PAKISTAN NAVY: THE  
SCENE DURING THE  
HANDING-OVER CER-  
EMONY AT PORTSMOUTH  
ON JULY 5.

The 8000-ton cruiser *Diadem* was transferred from the Royal Navy to the Pakistan Navy in Portsmouth dockyard, and renamed *Babur* by the Begum Rafia Choudri, wife of Rear-Admiral Choudri, Commander-in-Chief, Pakistan Navy. The ship was sold to Pakistan under an agreement concluded in 1956.



UNVEILED BY LORD BRABAZON ON JULY 7: A MEMORIAL ERECTED TO MARK THE JUBILEE OF THE FIRST MOTOR RACE HELD AT BROOKLANDS. The fiftieth anniversary of the first meeting held at Brooklands was marked by a cavalcade of early racing cars and by the unveiling of a 31-ft.-long memorial by Lord Brabazon of Tara. This was erected by Vickers-Armstrongs, who now own the course and airfield. There has been no motor racing on the circuit since 1939.



(Right.)  
THE END OF A LONG  
SEARCH: THE DISUSED  
QUARRY IN THE  
GROUNDS OF THE  
BRISTOL MENTAL  
HOSPITAL WHERE THE  
BATTERED BODIES OF  
THE TWO MISSING  
BRISTOL CHILDREN  
WERE FOUND ON JULY 2.  
The bodies of Royston  
Sheasby, aged five, and of  
his seven-year-old sister,  
June, were found by a police  
officer in a shallow grave  
near the top of this disused  
quarry in the grounds of the  
Bristol Mental Hospital. The  
two Bristol children had  
been missing since June 20.  
Both children had severe  
head injuries.



A CIGAR FOR SIR WINSTON: MISS HILARY BRYANT OFFERING SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AN OUTSIZE CIGAR WHEN HE VISITED THE WOODFORD CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION GARDEN FETE ON JULY 6. SIR WINSTON ADDRESSED A LARGE GATHERING OF HIS CONSTITUENTS.



THE END OF A FAMOUS LONDON LANDMARK: DEMOLITION WORK BEGINNING IN THE PALM COURT OF THE CARLTON HOTEL AT THE CORNER OF PALL MALL AND THE HAYMARKET. On July 1 demolition work began on the Carlton Hotel, which is being removed to make room for New Zealand House, the 225-ft.-high building which is to take its place at the corner of Pall Mall and the Haymarket. It is expected that the site will be cleared early in the new year.

## A PORTRAIT OF H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER AND OTHER ITEMS: A MISCELLANY.



A VALUABLE ADDITION TO LIFE-SAVING EQUIPMENT: INFLATABLE RAFTS, SEEN AT A DEMONSTRATION LAUNCHING ON JULY 3 IN LOCH LONG.



THE LIFE RAFTS, SEEN BEING LAUNCHED IN THE TOP LEFT-HAND PICTURE, ARE HERE SHOWN FULLY INFLATED.

Regulations are being prepared which will make compulsory the carrying of inflatable life-rafts in cross-Channel passenger ships and other small sea-going craft. The *Glen Sannox*, above, to sail between Ardrossan and Arran, is equipped with them.



THE GROWTH OF THE FIREBALL IN THE HALF-MINUTE FOLLOWING THE EXPLOSION IN THE U.S.A. ON JULY 5. REMARKABLE ARE THE FOUR "HORNS" SHOWN IN THE TOP LEFT PICTURE.

The most powerful atomic device to be fired in America was exploded at a height of about 1500 ft. above the Nevada proving ground on July 5. The explosion was said to be four times as powerful as the bombs used against Japan. The flash and the shock were experienced up to hundreds of miles away.



PRESENTED TO THE MULTI-RACIAL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND: A PORTRAIT OF H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER. On July 5 her Majesty the Queen Mother was installed as first President of the new multi-racial University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The portrait, painted by Sir Gerald Kelly, which we reproduce has been presented to the College.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ONE of the most prolific and popular topics of conversation during the last week or two has been a certain temporary absence of rain. Terror writers in the daily Press have already raised the situation to the status of drought. Drought my foot, fiddlesticks, and likewise phooey. The truth is that in this country we do not know what real drought is like. Farmers harvest a bumper crop of hay in perfect condition, thanks to a fortnight's sunshine without rain. Meanwhile some other crop, roots may be, is standing still owing to the "drought" with the result that farmers, we are told, are tossing and turning, sleepless, in their feather beds. Rain comes, and saves the root crop, or whatever it was that the drought threatened, but you may be perfectly certain that there will be something else in the garden, or on the farm, to suffer from the root-saving rain.

The fact is that we are blessed with a climate which is so fickle that it seldom sticks to any one thing long enough—wet, dry, hot or cold—to lead to real disaster. The best way, surely, is to treat our climate as wise and tolerant parents treat their children. If your lawn begins to resemble coconut-matting, and your lettuces begin to wilt, take the attitude that the weather is "only going through a phase—it will grow out of it." It always does.

In spite, however, of taking a tolerant view of the weather's relatively moderate vagaries, the gardener should, of course, give his plants a reasonable amount of first aid—watering, mulching, hoeing, and, in some cases, especially with newly-planted-out seedlings, shading.

One of the most popular fallacies in all gardening is the tradition that it is bad to water plants during bright sunshine. One theory in support of this belief is that drops of water resting upon the leaves of the plants act like lenses or "burning-glasses," focussing the sun's rays so as to cause burns. I must confess that I know little of the theory of optics, but my experience with burning with a glass lens has shown me that one must focus most carefully to obtain the right concentration of sun rays upon a certain spot to cause burning. Surely a drop of water in direct contact with a leaf would not be in position to focus and concentrate sun rays in such a way as to cause a burn, and even if the focus were correct would not the actual contact of the cold water neutralise any burning heat? But here perhaps I have got out of my depth in a drop of water.

But in practice, at my Six Hills Alpine Nursery at Stevenage, we used to have some 90,000 to 100,000 Alpine plants growing in small pots, and these had to be watered daily during dry weather. It was an all-day job, and was carried out even during the

## DROUGHT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

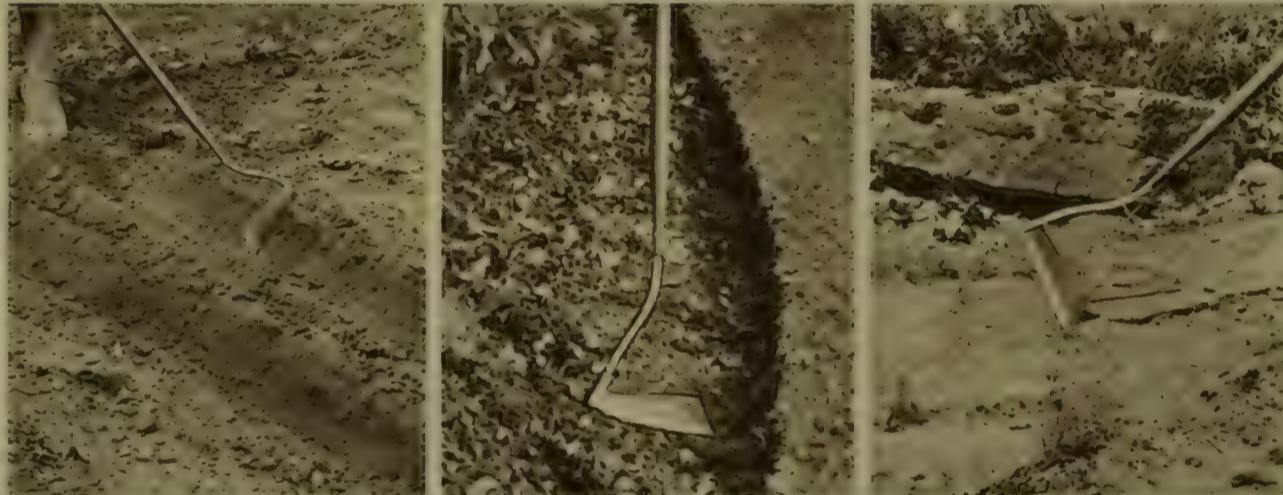
hottest sunshine. There was never any sign of scorching or burning through water-drop lenses. Overhead watering in sunshine is practised, too, on some of the most up-to-date market gardens, where lettuces and other salads are cultivated. In private gardens where summer watering of plants, with can or hose, becomes necessary, it is worth remembering that it is better to water in the evening rather than in the heat of the day. If plants are watered during sunshine, the moisture has all the rest of the day during which to evaporate, whereas if the work is done in the evening the water has all night during which to soak into the ground.

One of the most valuable ways of conserving moisture in the soil during dry weather is to keep

If the ground has become uncomfortably dry owing to lack of rain, it may be given a thorough soaking with can or hose, and then left for about twenty-four hours before hoeing. Or it may be hoed first, then well watered, and finally hoed again when the immediate surface has had time to shed any suspicion of stickiness.

Another most valuable way of conserving moisture in the soil is by mulching. A layer of old mellow manure or compost may be laid, an inch or two thick, around the tree, shrub or plant which is to benefit from having its roots kept cool and moist by such a mulch, and nourished by such precious juices as may be washed in by rain, hose or watering-can. Scarlet runner beans seem always ready to show signs of thirst in hot sunny weather. A thorough soaking followed by a good mulch will at once put an end to all such nonsense. Lawn-mowings are excellent for this purpose, even though they may not supply much nourishment. There is one trouble with mulches during dry weather, which is boring, but easily overcome. Birds, especially blackbirds, have a tiresome way of foraging among the farmyard manure or compost mulch, in search of worms and insects. They scratch about madly, and scatter the compost far and wide. However, it is an easy matter to prevent this mischief. A few twigs or some old netting laid lightly over the

"I FOUND IT DELIGHTFULLY LIGHT AND HANDY": THE WILKINSON SWORD SWOE, WHICH HAS THREE GROUND EDGES AND A MULTIPLICITY OF USES.



THE SWOE IN ACTION: (L. TO R.) MAKING A DRILL; SURFACE HOEING, BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS; AND USING THE POINT TO CLEAR Crevices BETWEEN PAVING.

"Swoes I had seen frequently (writes Mr. Elliott) . . . but had never used one. You know the instrument, of course. It is a species of all-metal hoe, shaped rather like a golfing iron with an extra long handle. A swoe . . . should be kept always in the hall, where it will give tone and importance to the umbrella-stand."

the surface thoroughly well hoed, so as to produce a well-broken, almost powdery tilth. Moisture becomes drawn to the surface, and so evaporated, much more rapidly if the soil is caked and compacted into a solid top layer, than if it is well pulverised by hoeing to a depth of an inch or two.

mulch will frustrate all foraging birds.

A week or two ago I took charge of a mixed-flower border when staying with friends. The soil was light, and had recently been planted with a miscellaneous collection of herbaceous perennials, shrubs, and bedding-out plants, and since planting, a green film of weed seedlings had sprung up. My ministrations were simple, and were carried out with the aid of two pieces of regalia which were new to me, a splendid length of bright green hose, and a swoe. Swoes I had seen frequently, everywhere, but had never used one. You know the instrument of course. It is a species of all-metal hoe, shaped rather like a golfing iron with an extra long handle. I found it delightfully light and handy, and particularly good at getting in and out between growing plants. A swoe, I would add, should be kept always in the hall, where it will give tone and importance to the umbrella-stand, and, at the same time, be a perennial reminder of the weed problem. The hose was of plastic, light, flexible, clean to handle and amazingly cheap. That cleanliness-to-handle is an important attribute. I know few things so grimy-hand-making as the old-fashioned rubber garden hose, and few things so heavy to lug about.

## A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

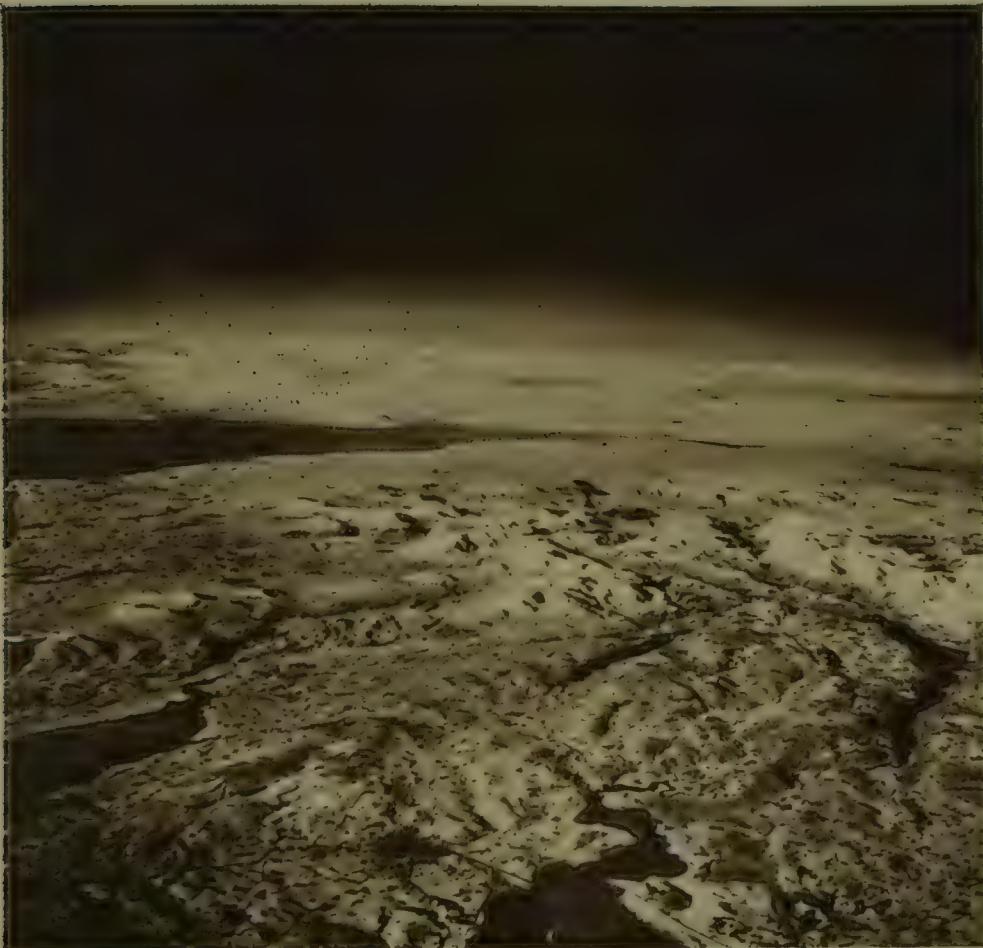
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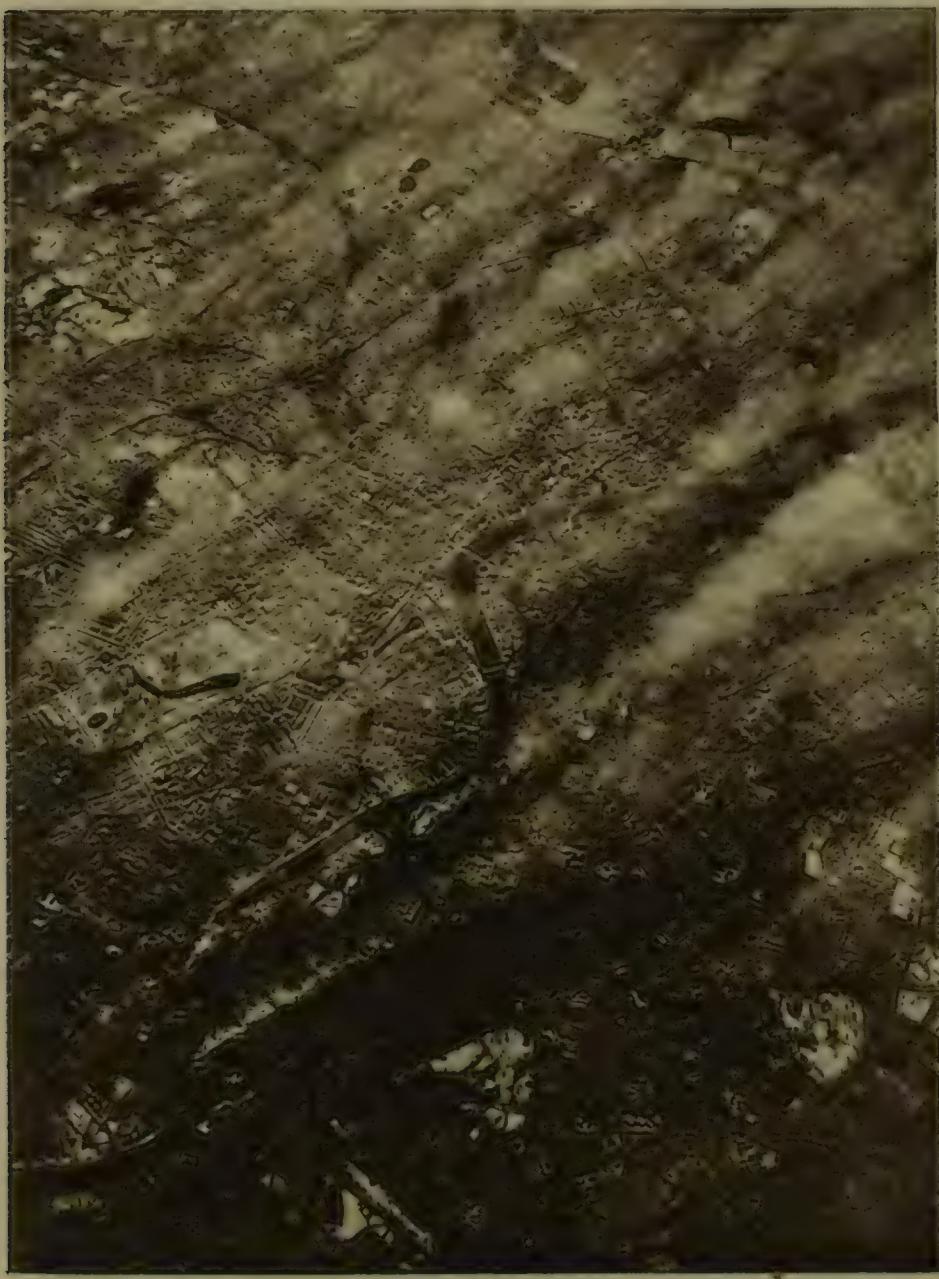
## FROM NINE MILES UP: VIEWS OF BRITAIN FROM AN AVRO VULCAN.



LIKE SOME BARREN LUNAR LANDSCAPE: A VIEW LOOKING NORTH ACROSS THE LAKE DISTRICT TO THE SOLWAY FIRTH AND SCOTLAND.

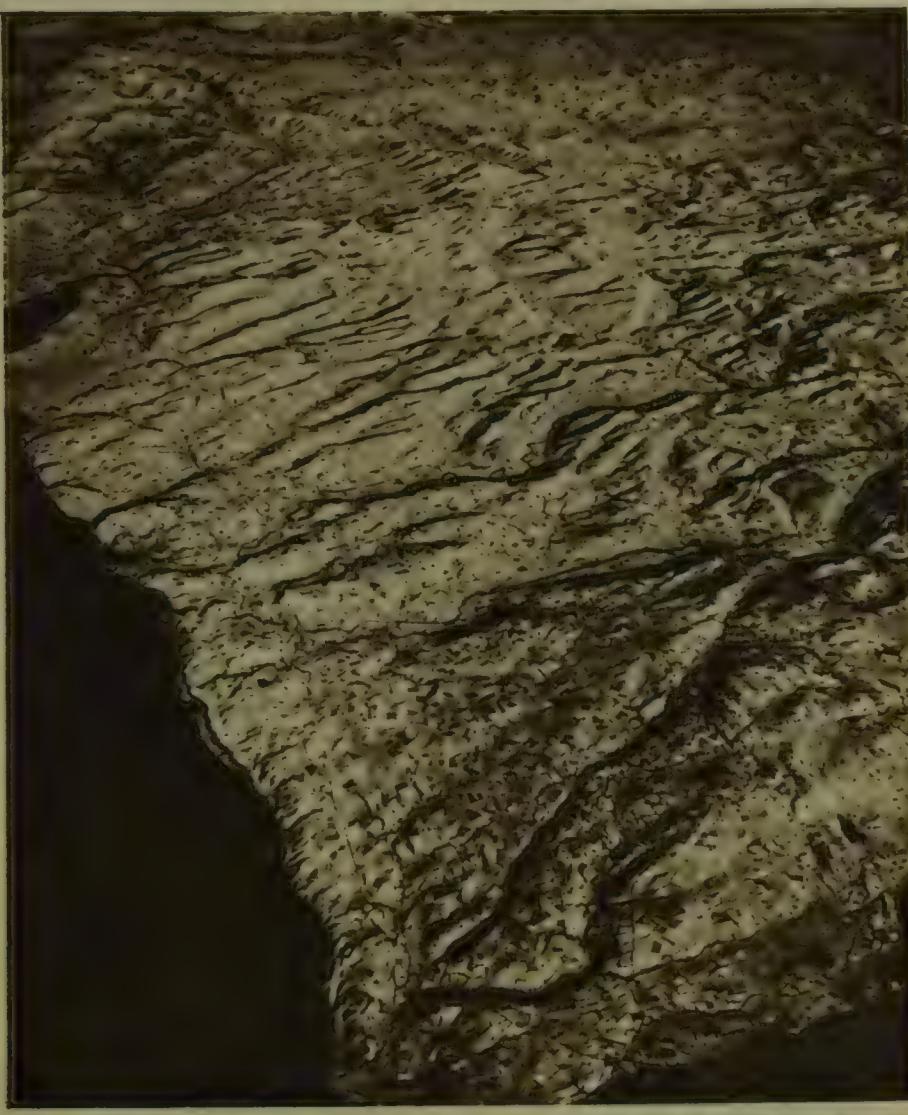


A VIEW OF THE LANCASHIRE COASTLINE: AT THE TOP ARE THE ESTUARIES OF THE DEE AND MERSEY, AND BLACKPOOL IS NEAR THE CENTRE.



WHAT LONDON LOOKS LIKE FROM 50,000 FT.: EASILY DISTINGUISHABLE ARE THE THAMES AND (MIDDLE LEFT) THE SERPENTINE, IN HYDE PARK.

The photographs reproduced above were taken during a recent routine test flight of an Avro Vulcan, one of Britain's new V-bombers. They were taken from an altitude of 50,000 ft., from which height visibility may extend up to 100 miles in all directions. Mr. Paul Cullerne, the photographer, used infra-red photographic materials to overcome the obscurity caused by haze and light cloud. In the rarefied



THE WELSH COAST AND CARDIGAN BAY: AT THE TOP LEFT IS THE ESTUARY OF THE DOVEY AND LOWER DOWN, APPEARING AS A DARK PATCH, IS ABERYSTWYTH.

upper atmosphere, where pressure and temperature are very low and oxygen scarce, the sky above appears blue-black in colour, as is indicated in the photographs. Of the three types of V-bomber, the force of Vickers Valiants is now fully formed, it was recently learnt; the Vulcan is described as being with the R.A.F. and the Handley Page Victor is due for later delivery.



AS I made my way to the Far East one morning the name Nolan didn't call anything to mind, and it was only when I entered the Whitechapel Art Gallery that I recognised a blood-curdling painting of a mummified—or anyway, desiccated—steer suspended in a tree, as having been shown at the Redfern Gallery two or three years ago. Then it came back to me. The man who painted it was obviously endowed with a formidable and original talent; how formidable you can judge for yourself by some 150 drawings and paintings of the last ten years. I imagine that to appreciate him properly you should have first-hand knowledge of his native Australia, though that, I note, didn't prevent an earnest amateur critic there from throwing a pot of paint over some of his works—from which you can deduce, if you didn't know it already, that some Aussies are as silly as some Englishmen. (Do you remember the fuss about "Rima," in Hyde Park?) But what is clear enough to the most old-fashioned European is that here is a man who, while doing all kinds of odd jobs in factories, taught himself to paint, scraped an acquaintance with the works of Van Gogh and other moderns by means of books, and worked out for himself a vision of his vast continent peopled by personages of legend—the outlaw Ned Kelly, the explorers Bourke and Wills, and the extraordinary Mrs. Fraser, the Orkney woman who, after shipwreck on the coast of Queensland in 1837, lived for four months with the aborigines, was rescued by a convict, and, on her return to England, exhibited herself in a tent in Hyde Park at 6d. a time.

All these stories Nolan has woven into singularly impressive pictures, some of them dream-like, the white body of the woman, for example, contrasting with the sinister aspect of swamp and forest, or Ned Kelly—as much a part of Australian folk-lore as Robin Hood of ours—a centaur-like brooding figure in the desolation of the outback. As to the dead animals, which to us squeamish



"WOMAN AND LAGOON": ONE OF THE MRS. FRASER SERIES ON WHICH SIDNEY NOLAN HAS BEEN WORKING THIS YEAR. NOLAN, WHO WAS BORN IN MELBOURNE IN 1917, FIRST CAME TO EUROPE IN 1950 AND HAS BEEN WORKING IN LONDON SINCE 1955. (Polyvinyl acetate on masonite; 48 by 60 ins.) (Lent by the artist.)

Englanders seem so horrifying, Nolan tells me they are so inescapable a part of the desert landscape that no honest painter can ignore them, and that, in those harsh surroundings, they take on a strange and terrible beauty. He has, in short, provided a country which has a history of only about a century-and-a-half with a series of myths seen against the unrelenting jagged beauty of its landscape, and his liking for symbols rather than for mere facts makes the performance all the more impressive.

Many men of promise have come to Europe and have been so overwhelmed by the impact of all sorts of painters from Van Eyck to Braque that they have ceased to possess any minds of their own and have become mere imitators à la mode. This has happened in the past to more

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### AUSTRALIAN PAINTER.

than one Australian and to innumerable Americans in Paris. Will this disaster happen to Sidney Nolan? My guess is that it will not, mainly because he had so many varied experiences (including a spell in a hat factory) in his youth, and was unable to venture west of Suez until he was over thirty. By then he was reasonably well set in his ways and able to look at us with something like detachment. I once met a young South African who told me that he had come up the east coast of Africa in an Italian ship to Venice—his first visit; what a marvellous introduction to Europe! Nolan's was no less remarkable—the Straits of

you find yourself, after a time, able to follow him round, as it were—I don't mean literally from place to place, for he's by no means a topographical draughtsman, but you see how particular landscapes have been used to emphasize his symbolism—sometimes to evoke very different moods. There is, for example, a powerful and nightmarish stormy forest landscape in which the prostrate Mrs. Fraser figure sprawls in one corner; he is clearly obsessed by the story of her strange Odyssey; and then a serene painting in which lilies are floating on a desert lagoon and a woman stands in the water—may be, I suggest, unconsciously influenced by one of Monet's lily-pond paintings.

I don't know that I greatly appreciate the work he did in southern Italy, whose landscape and iron crucifixes have since formed the bases of some of the later Ned Kelly paintings, but Greece (he's going there again this autumn) has caught his imagination; he has stuffed himself with Greek myths and apparently finds some convincing parallel between the Greeks of the Homeric age and the Australians of to-day.

I can well understand that many will be repelled by the uncompromising violence of some of his compositions and by the rather strained symbolism of others: it seems to me, for example, that a reminiscence of some Siennese painting of the St. Francis legend set against a rugged Australian landscape is far too naive to be convincing—the landscape by itself would be satisfying enough. I like him much better when he is involved in one of his more secular obsessions. There is a magnificent design of three trees called "Figures in Tree"; there are two little creatures high up whom you recognise as the convict Bracefell and Mrs. Fraser. It sounds odd when set down baldly like that—when I asked Nolan what suggested it to him, he explained that few things remain more vividly impressed upon his memory than the enormously tall trees of, I think, Fraser Island and the occasional platform high up among them built as a watch-tower against fires. So the trees are factual enough and are used as the framework of an allegory.

I repeat again that an acquaintance with Australian folk-lore is necessary if one is to follow the painter in his romantic improvisations just as one needs an acquaintance with the Bible if one



"CENTRAL AUSTRALIA" (1950): ONE OF THE EVOCATIVE LANDSCAPES WHICH NOLAN HAS PAINTED DURING HIS EXTENSIVE TRAVELS IN AUSTRALIA. (Ripolin on masonite; 48 by 36 ins.) (Lent by Sir Kenneth Clark.)

Messina, the brown hills of Calabria, and the little towns and, later, the landscape of Tuscany—his first contact with a land that had been cultivated not for a mere century or so, but for two or three thousand years. He found everything, from the frescoes of Masaccio to the green dampness of England and the flat horizons of Holland, as wonderful as a Christmas cake to a small child, but I doubt whether he can ever feel quite accustomed to our Northern painting. It is as if the harsh terra-cotta landscape of the



"BOURKE AND WILLS LEAVING MELBOURNE" (1950): IN THE SIDNEY NOLAN EXHIBITION WHICH CONTINUES AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY UNTIL JULY 31. FRANK DAVIS WRITES HERE ABOUT THE WORK OF THIS REMARKABLE AUSTRALIAN ARTIST. (Ripolin on masonite; 48 by 60 ins.) (Lent by Kym Bonython, Adelaide.)

Australian desert has been burnt into him, so that for all its differences and smaller scale, Greece and other corners of the Mediterranean basin seem much nearer home.

I am told that few Australians in their own land stray far from the coastal strip unless under compulsion. Nolan (apart from his recent visits to Europe) must be one of the most travelled men of his generation. He knows the remote and featureless Wimmera districts, the mountainous, scrubby Ned Kelly country of north-east Victoria, the vast plains and lagoons of Queensland and its forests, and the sand and tall trees of Fraser Island, the Great Barrier Reef—again a new landscape—and later the intense light of Central Australia and its immense solitudes. All these areas have left their mark upon his work, so that

wishes to understand much of the art of Europe. It remains to be seen how Nolan develops and to what degree his visions come to represent in men's minds not so much the Australian scene as the stuff and substance of Australia itself. In time most of us see natural objects through the eyes of painters—the peculiar light of Canaletto upon stone, a Turner sunset, a Constable sky. As we talked looking out over the river at Putney a little boat came into view framed by the branches of a tree: in it was a plump young woman in a pink dress and a white floppy hat; it was uncanny, because she had just been cut out of a painting by Renoir. So does nature imitate art, and so perhaps in the future will Australians recognise the essential qualities of their own immense land because of Nolan's powerful imagination.

## SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



**WINNER OF THE EUROPEAN WOMEN'S SHOW-JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP : MISS PAT SMYTHE.**

Miss Pat Smythe, seen here holding the trophy on arrival at London Airport, won the European Women's Show-Jumping Championship at Spa, Belgium, on June 30. Riding Prince Hal, Miss Smythe won the title after an exacting jump-off with Miss Serventi, of Italy.



**A WELL-KNOWN INDUSTRIALIST : THE LATE LORD RIVERDALE.**

Lord Riverdale, who died on July 7, was among the foremost British steel manufacturers and industrialists. Managing Director of Arthur Balfour and Co., Chairman of High Speed Alloys, he held many other directorships.

**A FORMER HOME OFFICE ANALYST DIES : DR. ROCHE LYNCH.**

Dr. Gerald Roche Lynch, who died on July 3, was Senior Official Analyst to the Home Office from 1928 to 1954. He gave evidence at many murder trials, and his evidence was hardly ever challenged by defence counsel.

## PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**WINNER OF THE OPEN GOLF TITLE FOR THE FOURTH TIME : BOBBY LOCKE.**

A. D. (Bobby) Locke, of South Africa, won the British Open Golf Championship for the fourth time, on July 5 at St. Andrews. His aggregate score of 279 equalled the record for the championship, set up by himself in 1950. He is the first to win the cup four times since W. Hagen did so in 1929.



(Left.)

**A DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIST AND POLITICAL ADVISER DIES : VISCOUNT CHERWELL.** Viscount Cherwell, F.R.S., C.H., who died on July 3, in 1914 became a director of Farnborough R.F.C. experimental station. As Professor of Experimental Philosophy at Oxford he did much to foster scientific studies. He was Personal Assistant to Mr. Churchill during the war and helped direct the development of atomic energy.



**TWO BROTHERS PLAY FOR ENGLAND AGAINST THE WEST INDIES : DICK (LEFT) AND PETER RICHARDSON.**

For the first time since 1882-83 two brothers have played in the same England Test side. They are Peter Richardson and his brother Dick, who made his début in Test cricket in the Third Test Match against the West Indies.



(Right.)

**A TRIUMPH IN THE THIRD TEST : FREDDIE TRUEMAN, THE YORKSHIRE FAST BOWLER.** Everything seemed to favour the batsman in the third Test match against the West Indies until the Monday morning (July 8). The pitch had twice been affected by rain during the week-end and Trueman, the Yorkshire fast bowler, made good use of this, taking six wickets for 22 runs. West Indies were all out for 372 in their first innings, and thus had to follow on.



**A TRENT BRIDGE DOUBLE CENTURY : T. W. GRAVENEY.** In England's first innings in the third Test match against the West Indians, ending with a score of 619 declared, there was some excitement when Graveney at last showed his powers in Test cricket at home. By the end of the first day he had scored 188 and went on to make a total of 258.



(Left.)

**ACQUITTED AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT : MR. BENSON.** The Hon. T. O. S. Benson, Chief Whip in the Nigerian Government, was acquitted on July 1 of charges of robbery and of robbery with violence. He was carried shoulder-high from the court by Nigerians. He had been accused of stealing a ring and wrist-watch from a Mrs. Solanke, a Nigerian, who had formerly been betrothed to him by her father.



**TO PLAY ETON AT LORD'S ON JULY 12-13 : THE HARROW SCHOOL XI.** In this group of the Harrow side, which is to meet Eton at Lord's on July 12-13, are : (from left to right, standing) K. M. Carlisle, D. J. R. Foster, P. E. D'Abo, J. C. S. Niebor, B. S. Raper, A. J. Anderson ; (sitting, l. to r.) M. J. H. Weedon, A. B. Cable, Lawrence J. Champness (captain), J. D. C. Vargas and J. B. Lockett.



**THE ETON XI WHICH IS TO MEET HARROW AT LORD'S ON JULY 12 AND 13.** The members of the Eton side which will play Harrow at Lord's on July 12-13 are : (standing, from left to right) B. T. J. Stevens, J. W. Leonard, J. D. Ayer, J. Baskerville-Glegg, R. Fellowes, P. Baring ; (sitting, l. to r.) W. G. A. Clegg, A. R. B. Burrows, E. J. Lane-Fox (captain), E. J. R. Scott and M. L. Dunning.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### GREEN TURTLES: AN ESSAY IN CONSERVATION.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

**I**N the *Australian Museum Magazine* for March 15, 1955, Frederick D. McCarthy described the methods used by the aborigines in hunting tortoises and turtles. The tortoises, living in the freshwater lakes and streams, are dragged from their hiding-places in the reed and lily-beds by women and children, who probe for them with their feet. The turtles of the open sea are men's game, and one of the commonest sights in the old days, but one more rarely seen to-day, was the dug-out canoes at sea, in calm weather, hunting turtles as well as dugongs and large fish. The methods used were the same for all three. The harpoon consisted of a wooden or metal head attached to a line, and set in a socket in the head of a soft-wood shaft 15 ft. long. Throwing the harpoon from a distance of 20 ft., the turtle-hunter would jump into the water as he threw, to give added weight and power to the delivery. Then he would scramble back into the canoe and play the turtle on the line until it tired and surfaced.

This is not the only method of capturing turtles. Another was to use a sucker-fish, or Remora, on a line, which attached itself to the turtle's shell. At Cape Grafton, the trick employed was for one man to dive in and try to drive the turtle to the surface, where it would be harpooned; or several men would dive in, tie a rope around one of the flippers, turn the turtle on its back and, if necessary, push it up to the surface. At King Sound, Western Australia, several men swam quietly under a turtle while others approached it noisily. When it attempted to dive, one of the swimmers beneath it would push its head up while another seized it by the front rim of its carapace and sit astride it. In other places nets were used or the turtles were driven ashore by a ring of shouting, splashing swimmers. A universal trick for dealing with the female turtles coming ashore to lay was to turn them on their backs. Thus they remained helpless until their turn came to be cooked. The final killing, in most cases, was accomplished by bashing the head with a club, any alternative to this being equally crude.

McCarthy included in his account a reproduction of a cave painting which indicated that these methods were time-honoured, and he estimates that before the white man intervened, many hundreds of tortoises and turtles were killed each week. Added to this, "turtle eggs are a staple and esteemed item in the diet of the northern coastal tribes. The native women collect the eggs in baskets, string bags and bark containers, frequently going out at dawn to get them before the dingoes raid the nests." Hunting, egg-collecting and the ravages of dingoes do not end the dangers to the turtles. Gulls prey upon the young turtles making their way by day from the nests high up the beach to the water-line, and sand-crabs harry their ranks by night.

The intervention by the white man did nothing to check the drain, and in the same number of the *Australian Museum Magazine* Frank McNeill describes how in 1950, in a corner of Gladstone Harbour, Port Curtis, "on a steaming-hot midday in January . . . Lying helplessly on their backs upon the decking under the sub-tropical sun were eleven live Green Turtles. All were in an exhausted and pathetic state. . . . The

spectacle was only too familiar to most local residents and caused them little or no concern." It so happened, however, that on this day, strangers passing through saw this and their sight of it "was to mark the turning-point in the heartless suffering and trading of harmless creatures long prized as one of our major tourist attractions." The result, fully described in McNeill's article, was the determination to investigate the status

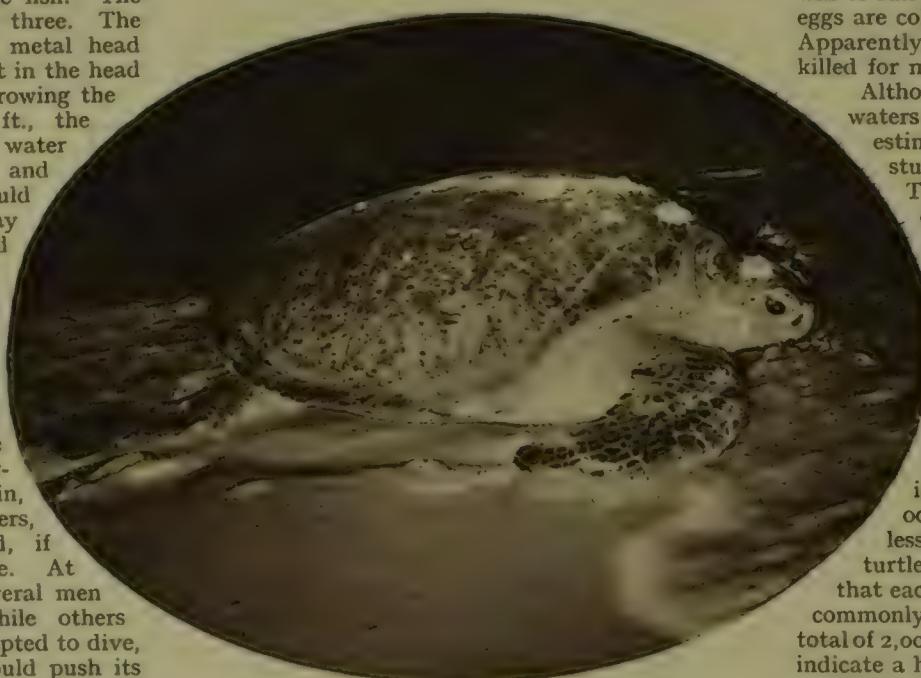
the *Sarawak Museum Journal*. Here the problem was somewhat different. Tom Harrisson tells us, in Vol. VII, page 505, of that *Journal*: "Here, for nearly a century . . . Malays of certain families collected the eggs of *Chelonia mydas*, the Green or Edible Turtle . . . just before the Japanese war, the (third) Rajah, H.H. Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, decided to buy out these Malay interests, terminating the considerable perplexities arising from the gradual devolution of rights into many hands. . . . The Curator of Sarawak Museum was to run the actual collecting of eggs. . . . Only eggs are collected—up to 2,000,000 or so a year." Apparently nowadays adults are not normally killed for meat in these waters.

Although in some ways the problem in these waters is simpler, Harrisson's aim is wider: to estimate the size of the population of turtles, study the migrations, rate of breeding, etc.

The first step was to tag the females coming up the beaches to lay. This had already been done by F. W. Moorhouse in 1929-1930 on the Great Barrier Reef, and comparison of his results with the observations made by Harrisson show marked differences in habit in this one species in the two areas. In Australia, it was found by Moorhouse that the females laid from October to February. In Sarawak they lay all the year round, with a minimum in October to February. Incubation occupies 72 days in Australia, and much less in Sarawak. There is one feature the turtles have in common in the two regions—that each female lays several times in one year, commonly two to four, but it may be more. A total of 2,000,000 eggs harvested does not, therefore, indicate a high population but a high fecundity in each individual.

If it were possible here to carry the Australian and the Sarawak stories further, a large number of interesting details could be included. I prefer, however, to concentrate on one broad issue—namely, the essay in conservation these stories present. The green turtle is relatively unknown to most people in the world. It is not a particularly striking animal, nor has it an important economic value. As long as it was hunted by the Australian aborigine or its eggs collected by the Malays, there was no grievous reduction in its numbers, nor was there marked cruelty in its treatment. When, on the other hand, the specialised (usually called civilised) human society intervenes, then trouble begins. The hunters and the consumers are separated widely in space so that those consuming the flesh are not only ignorant of the beast itself but also of the methods used in its capture. The market becomes worldwide instead of local, the demand spells increased financial return and avarice replaces the mere needs of subsistence.

Into this situation, which can have only one end eventually, the extermination of a species—the loss of a goose laying golden eggs—wander a handful of people. In Australia, a few people are revolted by the spectacle of cruelty. In Sarawak an even smaller number see the need for an objective line of investigation. In both instances, against heavy material odds, the result is the same, the initiation of scientific enquiry which promises to conserve a natural harvest, increase knowledge and minimise cruelty. The problem of the green turtle is, like the species involved, a world problem, and we wish the Sarawak and Australian workers in this field all success.



AFTER LAYING 106 EGGS ON TALANG BESAR ISLAND, SOUTH-WEST SARAWAK: AN ADULT GREEN TURTLE (*CHELONIA MYDAS*) RE-ENTERING THE SEA AT NIGHT.



FOUND ALL OVER THE WORLD IN TROPICAL AND SUB-TROPICAL SEAS, INCLUDING THE MEDITERRANEAN, ATLANTIC, PACIFIC AND INDIAN OCEANS: GREEN TURTLES, TWO OF WHICH ARE SEEN HERE COMING UP A BEACH IN SARAWAK TO LAY THEIR EGGS.

These photographs are of the green turtle (*Chelonia mydas*), which is the edible turtle. For a long time now voices have been raised in protest in different parts of the world against the crude and often cruel methods employed in killing these creatures for food. Incidents of this kind in Australia, noticed by passing zoologists, led to legislation protecting them.

and habits of the Green Turtle along the Great Barrier Reef, the turtle being meanwhile placed on the list of protected animals under the relevant Government Act.

At the same time as these events were taking place, investigations to the same end were being made elsewhere in the Pacific. Space does not permit of more than a brief sketch of these or of the progress of events in Australia. The other focus of investigation was Sarawak, and details of it have been set forth in successive numbers of

## FISHY BUT TRUE: THE STORY OF A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.



AT DOUBLE COVE BEACH, NEW ZEALAND: FISH SWIMMING IN TO TAKE A MEAL OF MUSSELS FROM THE HANDS OF MR. WALLY KER, A FRIEND TO ALL FISH.



AT THE NORTHERN END OF SOUTH ISLAND: ONE OF MR. KER'S FISH FRIENDS WAITING PATIENTLY FOR HIS DAILY DINNER OF MUSSELS.



THE FISH WHICH DID NOT EVEN WANT TO GET AWAY: A LARGE SNAPPER ALLOWS ITSELF TO BE LIFTED BODILY OUT OF THE SEA BY MR. KER.

A REMARKABLE story about some fish which really did not want to get away comes from New Zealand, where these photographs were taken. On a small pebbled beach known as Double Cove at the northern end of South Island, a middle-aged man, Mr. Wally Ker, who owned a beach-front property there, began his friendship with some fish by breaking up mussels and then throwing them out into the sea. At first a stray Snapper or Blue Cod would grab the meaty morsels and swim away, but gradually they grew to realise that food was being given away each day at the same time and at the same spot. The Snapper,

[Continued opposite.]

(Right.)  
NOT EVEN ATTEMPTING TO WRIGGLE OUT OF MR. KER'S GRASP: A LIVE 20-LB. SNAPPER, KNOWN AS BELLA, WHICH BECAME QUITE REMARKABLY ATTACHED TO ITS HUMAN FRIEND.



A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN FISH AND MAN: THE SNAPPER WILLINGLY TRUSTS ITSELF TO MR. KER'S GENTLE ARMS AND IS LIFTED CLEAR OF THE WATER.



*Continued.]*  
swimming in schools of up to a dozen, soon ventured to within a foot of the shore, so that the flashing iridescence on their backs broke the surface of the water. Then one Snapper, who was given the name of *Bella* by Mr. Ker, began to take mussels from his hands. Before long some of the Snapper and Blue Cod became so tame that Mr. Ker could stroke them and then lift them clear of the water. Mr. Ker has now left his residence at Double Cove, but the present owner, Mr. R. H. Coker, of Blenheim, New Zealand, still continues to feed the fish which enjoyed such an unusual friendship with his predecessor. Unhappily, this story ends on a sad note, as, alas, so many about tame animals do, as the numbers of tame Snapper and Blue Cod at Double Cove are declining because people have been catching them with handlines. The Snapper shown in these photographs is *Pagrosomus auratus*, a member of the bream family, which has the Maori name of *Tamure*. During the past fifty years New Zealand has been famed for some extremely tame sea-beasts, notably two dolphins—*Pelorus Jack* and *Opo*.

## THE "TOWER OF BABEL" NOW COMPLETELY EXCAVATED: WORK AT THE TCHOGA-ZANBIL ZIGGURAT WHICH HAS THROWN VIVID LIGHT ON THE ELAMITE WORSHIP OF INSHUSHINAK, 3500 YEARS AGO.

By DR. GHIRSHMAN, Head of the French Archaeological Mission in Persia and Director of the Tchoga-Zanbil Excavations.

(For some years the Tchoga-Zanbil "Tower of Babel," an Elamite ziggurat of the thirteenth century B.C. and the only ziggurat which survives to any considerable height, has been the subject of extensive excavations and reconstructions by the French Archaeological Mission in Persia under the direction of DR. R. GHIRSHMAN. Previous articles on the progress of the work have appeared in "The Illustrated London News" of December 6, 1952; August 8, 1953; July 3, 1954; June 25, 1955, and September 8, 1956.

The work on the ziggurat itself is now almost complete; the last season has been devoted to the sacred enclosures; and work in the future will seem to lie chiefly in the approaches, where some interesting discoveries have already been made. The photograph of Fig. 1 is by Worldwide Surveys, Inc.; that of Fig. 2 by M. Bahmani, Chief Pilot of Captain John Brown Ltd.; and No. 3 by Mr. J. Sixtus, architect.)

THE majestic ziggurat or "Tower of Babel" of Tchoga-Zanbil, built about thirty-five centuries ago by an Elamite prince who reigned at Susa, is now entirely cleared (Figs. 1, 2 and 3) and the precincts of it, freed during the winter of 1956-57, have revealed in part the form of the sacrificial rituals which used to take place in front of the tower during the great ceremonies of, we may suppose, King Untash Huban and his Queen, Napir Asu, to whom the king had raised a splendid bronze statue in Susa.

The wall which surrounds the south-east forecourt of the ziggurat was pierced by three gates. One of these, very simple from an architectural point of view, has an entry paved with large blocks of stone, carefully laid with bitumen (Fig. 4). When these blocks had been cleaned and washed, there came to light two grooves (Fig. 5), worn unmistakably by the wheels of a chariot, probably that of the king. By this gate, the only one with a stone-paved entry, must probably also have entered the animals which the sacrificial priests slaughtered on the altars kept for that purpose in front of the south-east entry of the ziggurat.

Beside the Chariot Gate is another gate (Fig. 6), considerably larger than all the gates which lead into the forecourts. Four towers, which at one time rose to some 30 or more feet, flanked the

entry. This would have a double door probably of bronze, which does not survive, no doubt having been melted down by the soldiers of Assurbanipal who sacked the town about 640 B.C. But the bolt-holding stones (Fig. 7), carved with the name of the king who built the sanctuary, into which would slide the bolt which locked the door, lay on the ground among a number of enamelled and embossed plaques (Figs. 8 and 10) which always carry the name of the same king and which

a bowl, into which we think libations were poured (Fig. 12).

These ritual ceremonies must probably have taken place before the king and queen, who would be seated on two stepped tribunes, of which the remains appear in Fig. 11. But before reaching that point the prince passed before a great jar which held, no doubt, the water of ablution and purification; and then moved past three offering tables which can be seen in the same photograph. When these four acts were accomplished: ablution or purification, offerings, living sacrifice, and libations; then the prince proceeded to the temple built in the ziggurat itself—which we described last year. Before the entrance of this temple, which stands some 22 yards (20 m.) to the east of the sacrificial tables, can be seen another offering table, made of polychrome-enamelled bricks, green, lapis-blue and white; and by a flight of five small steps, we enter under a vault which is still

preserved almost intact and which was relieved with bricks bearing inscriptions in which the king glories in having raised this tower to the god Inshushinak, the chief god of the Elamite pantheon.

This lower temple was the counterpart of the upper temple which originally crowned the ziggurat and of which nothing remains to-day. To judge, however, by the inscribed bricks which have been found, this upper temple was the house or dwelling-place of the god, while the lower was reserved, one must suppose, for the appearances of the god to his worshippers. The smallness of the cella and the ante-cella, as well as of the two rooms which lie in front of them, testify to the small number of worshippers who were permitted to enter therein.

There are seven gateways to the four forecourts which surround the ziggurat, of which that of the north-east is the largest (see Fig. 3, left). This was entered by three gateways (north, north-east and east) (Fig. 1), each of which led by a paved way to a vast ramp, whose three slopes are inclined towards the three entrances. One can imagine that



FIG. 1. THE WORLD'S GREATEST ZIGGURAT: THE "TOWER OF BABEL" OF TCHOGA-ZANBIL, IN PERSIA. A PERPENDICULAR AERIAL VIEW WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE SIZE AND COMPLEXITY OF THE ENCLOSURES SURROUNDING THE PYRAMID WHICH, ITSELF, HAS AN AREA OF ABOUT 122,500 SQ. FT.

This aerial view of the ziggurat and its surroundings was taken in July 1956 at the end of the fifth season and before the excavations described in the article on this page. The top of the picture is north-west; the bottom, south-east; north-east lies to the right; and south-west to the left. The sharply-defined square in the centre is the ziggurat itself, which is a square of about 350 ft.—in other words, each side is rather longer than the maximum Rugby football field—a parallel which may help in visualising the huge scale of the vast enclosures, revealed by excavation and also in this case by aerial photography. The greatest measurement from top to bottom of the outermost enclosure shown here is about 1575 yards or 1440 metres.

adorned the façade of this gate—which we have named the Royal Gate.

Once through this gate, we enter on a vast forecourt, carefully paved with bricks, on which rose a rich collection of installations connected with the sacrifices (Figs. 11-14). In front of the stairway which has to be climbed before ascending the ziggurat (Fig. 14) there stretches out an avenue of fourteen tables (Fig. 11) (seven on either side) in the form of truncated pyramids, each 9½ ins. (25 cm.) high. It was here, we believe, that the animals were sacrificed, their blood running into a pit sunk between the last two tables, in the middle of which we found a pottery pipe drain. Some yards farther away we found another pit, linked with the site of

three processions approached, perhaps simultaneously, this sacred enclosure, coming from three different starting-points and having mounted the ramp they reached the level of the first stage of the ziggurat, which, it must be stressed, had no communication with the stairs which led to the upper stages. So, we can conclude, access to the first stage was reserved to the lower clergy or to the nobility of the kingdom. As for the mass of the faithful or the pilgrims, it seems they were not allowed to penetrate to the interior of the precincts of the ziggurat. They stood and followed the ceremonies from afar, outside the outer courts formed by the vast emplacement which stretched between the enceinte of the tower and the enceinte of the precincts, or sacred quarter (see Figs. 1 and 2).

[Continued opposite.]

## THE TCHOGA-ZANBIL ZIGGURAT—HOUSE OF THE GOD INSHUSHINAK.



FIG. 2. AN AERIAL CLOSE-UP OF THE GREAT ZIGGURAT, SHOWING THE SOUTHERN CORNER. TO THE LEFT OF THE CORNER LIES THE SOUTH-WEST FORECOURT; TO THE RIGHT, THE SOUTH-EAST. IT IS IN THE LATTER THAT THE SACRIFICIAL INSTALLATIONS HAVE BEEN FOUND. TAKEN IN JANUARY THIS YEAR DURING THE EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 3. ANOTHER AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE NORTH-WEST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT AND ON THE RIGHT THE SOUTH-WEST FORECOURT, WHICH IS ALSO SEEN IN FIG. 2. ON THE LEFT IS THE LARGE NORTH-EAST FORECOURT INTO WHICH THREE PROCESSIONS OF NOBLES AND LESSER CLERGY MADE THEIR WAY DURING THE CEREMONIES.

*Continued.]*

There, erosion in part and also our own investigations have revealed important brick pavements and a wide processional way which starts from the north-east gate of the enceinte of the precincts (Fig. 1, tip of the triangle formed by the two roads) and which has been uncovered in part by our excavations of last winter. An interesting fact which we have

observed is this: no road of entry and none of the gates giving on the outer forecourts or the sacred enclosure lies on the axis of any of the four gateways of the ziggurat itself. This deviation is certainly intentional and no doubt arises from some reason connected with the religion of the Elamites. (Further photographs appear on the pages overleaf.)

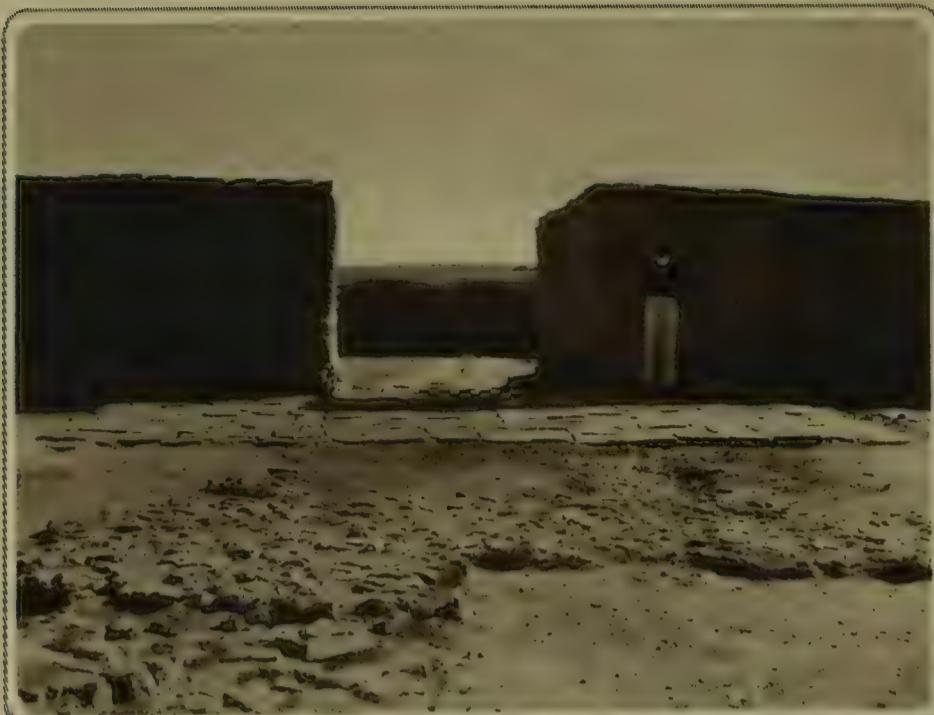


FIG. 4. THE CHARIOT GATE TO THE SOUTH-EAST FORECOURT OF THE ZIGGURAT. THIS IS THE ONLY ENTRANCE WHICH IS PAVED WITH BLOCKS OF STONE.



FIG. 5. A DETAIL OF THE CHARIOT GATE, SHOWING THE GROOVES CUT BY THE WHEELS OF A CHARIOT, PRESUMABLY THAT OF THE KING. THE SACRIFICIAL ANIMALS PROBABLY ENTERED BY THIS WAY.



FIG. 6. THE VERY MUCH WIDER ROYAL GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH-EAST ENCLOSURE. THIS WAS ORIGINALLY GUARDED BY GATES AND FOUR 30-FT. TOWERS. INSCRIBED BRICKS BEAR THE KING'S NAME.



FIG. 7. A SOCKET OF WHITE STONE WHICH HELD THE BOLT OF THE VANISHED DOORS OF THE ROYAL GATE. INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME "UNTASH HUBAN."



FIG. 8. AN ORNAMENT OF THE ROYAL GATEWAY: AN ENAMELLED PLAQUE DECORATED WITH BOSSSES OF GLASS AND INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME OF THE KING WHO BUILT THE ZIGGURAT.

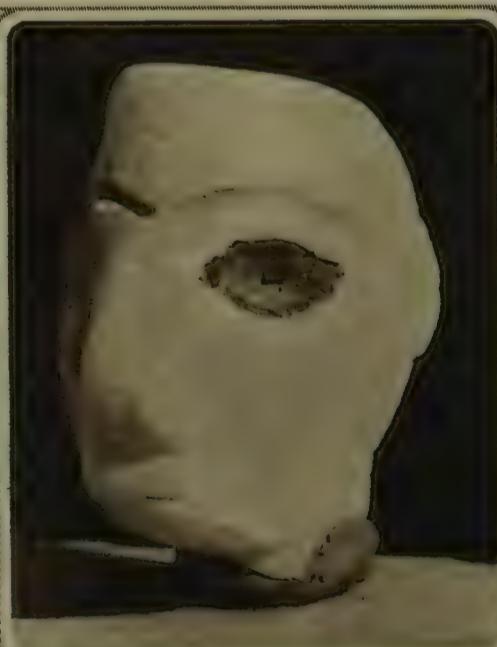


FIG. 9. THE HEAD OF A MAN IN ALABASTER. THIS, LIKE THE PLAQUES OF FIGS. 8. AND 10 AND THE SOCKET OF FIG. 7, WAS FOUND AMONG THE DEBRIS OF THE ROYAL GATE.



FIG. 10. ANOTHER ENAMELLED PLAQUE, INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME OF KING UNTASH HUBAN, WHICH WAS ONCE PART OF THE DECORATION OF THE ROYAL GATE.

The Tower of Babel in the Bible was built in the Plain of Shinar—Sumeria, the classic site of the great ziggurat towers—and the men of Shinar said: "Let us build us . . . a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name." There are many ziggurat remains in the plains of Mesopotamia to this day, but none survives to any considerable height. It is eastward, in Susiana, at Tchoga-Zanbil, not far from Susa, that the world's

only major "Tower of Babel" survived; and this was built by the Elamite King, Untash Huban, about the middle of the thirteenth century; and in his determination to "make him a name," there is hardly any element of the huge massif of brick which does not at some point bear his name inscribed upon it. For some years now this colossal monument of man's pride has been excavated and reconstructed by the French Archaeological Mission in

(Continued opposite)

THE SACRIFICES OF THE ELAMITE KING  
REVEALED IN RECENT EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 11. THE FOURTEEN "TABLES OF SACRIFICE" IN THE SOUTH-EAST FORECOURT. IN THE DISTANCE THE THREE OFFERING TABLES AND (LEFT) THE REMAINS OF THE TRIBUNES.



FIG. 12. THE PIT AND DRAIN FOR THE ROYAL LIBATIONS IN THE FORECOURT OF THE ZIGGURAT. ON THE RIGHT CAN BE SEEN SEVERAL OF THE SMALL SACRIFICIAL TABLES.



FIG. 13. LOOKING DOWN FROM THE FIRST STAGE OF THE ZIGGURAT ON TO THE SCENE OF THE ROYAL SACRIFICES IN THE SOUTH-EAST FORECOURT.



FIG. 14. WHERE KING UNTASH HUBAN, AFTER THE SACRIFICES, WOULD ENTER THE ZIGGURAT: THE RECONSTRUCTED SOUTH-EAST ENTRY.



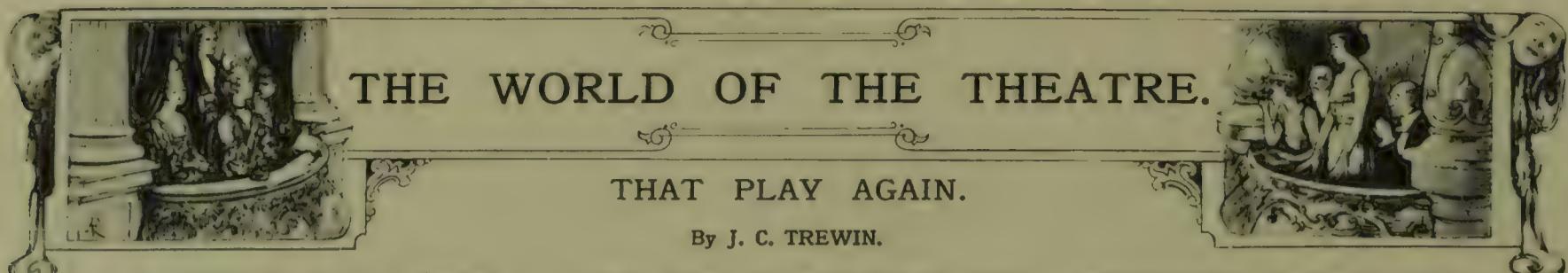
FIG. 15. NOW A VAST, EMPTY PAVED ENCLOSURE; BUT 3500 YEARS AGO THE GATHERING-PLACE OF THE NOBLES AND PRIESTS OF THE ELAMITE KING: THE NORTH-EAST FORECOURT, THE LARGEST OF THE FOUR.

*Continued*

Persia under the direction of Dr. R. Ghirshman (who describes the last season's work on pages 76-77). The ziggurat is now completely excavated, and reconstructed where necessary, the great forecourts and enclosures have been laid bare and the purpose and rituals of the huge edifice in all probability revealed. The tower was not aimed to reach heaven, but to bring heaven to earth by providing at its summit a dwelling-place for the god, at its foot a tiny temple for his appearances to the king and high priests. In the south-east forecourt are all the installations for purification, offering, living sacrifice and libation; in the north-east forecourt three processional ways and a great place of assembly for the nobles and lesser clergy; and all around remoter areas where the mass of the faithful could take part at a respectful distance when King Untash Huban and Queen Napir Asu sacrificed to Inshushinak.



FIG. 16. THE NORTH-EAST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT, SHOWING (LEFT) THE STAIRWAY ROOMS AND (RIGHT) THE ROOMS WHICH WERE FILLED DURING THE COURSE OF THE ZIGGURAT'S CONSTRUCTION.



## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

### THAT PLAY AGAIN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER observed musingly, in his curtain-speech at the Stoll Theatre, that "Titus Andronicus," once regarded as an obscure play, was now so popular that it might be filmed, set to music, or acted on ice.

He need not worry unless he does all these things himself—and Peter Brook, with his *musique concrète*, has got in first in the second medium. The sudden popularity of "Titus," that neo-Senecan shocker, just back from a fantastically successful tour of the Continent, is due solely to Olivier himself and to the inspiration of Peter Brook's treatment.

It is popularity that pleases very much those of us who, for so long, held that "Titus" ought to be played, not merely kept as something untouchable on a shelf, a poison-bottle of sinister dark glass. All the plays were written to be performed. By now the most study-bound scholars must agree that even the least of Shakespeare's work is actable, and, when done in the right circumstances, excitingly theatrical.

That speaks for "Titus Andronicus" which, textually, is a poor play, a collocation of horrors, but which, under the influence of a major artist and director, can have extraordinary power. I have written of the piece so often in *The Illustrated London News* that I have now only to report, for the sake of stage record—for this will be a historic revival—that the Stratford-upon-Avon "Titus" has reached London with the expected result.

Yet, merely to note the fact inspires so many memories: the sight of those great fluted pillars; the hieratic marching of the priests; the impact of the play, with Brook's *musique concrète*, like some powerful incantation. So as not to diminish the incantatory effect, Brook has dealt carefully with the gorier passages, cut offending lines, or (as in the return of Lavinia) expressed her mutilation merely by trailing ribbons of scarlet.

The production terrifies the more because it works on our nerves instead of seeking to sicken us with crude physical horrors. There is the crunch of bone when Titus's hand is severed. Otherwise our imaginations do the work. Was ever murder simpler and neater than Aaron's dispatch of the Nurse? And the last Thyestean banquet, the cannibal feast: this is contrived with such extraordinary skill that, on the first night at the Stoll, in sultry July heat, a house chilled with suspense watched the final chain of deaths. The bodies fell like tottering skittles. In that vast theatre not a murmur or a giggle broke the silence.

I remember here Olivier's charged and deadly quiet just as, earlier, I remember the great outburst at "I am the sea" when an ocean flood beat in anguished surge across the globe from Pole to Pole. To have heard Olivier utter that line, and the ensuing speech, is to have had one of the unforgettable experiences of our theatre. Throughout, in Titus's suffering, he kept us aware of intense agony. Olivier never roars off, as some actors do, into a private world of his own where he seems to be acting away finely, but behind the thickest aquarium-glass. Not at all: every pang is communicated. The voice has now the outline of a frost-bound twig, now it cuts like flint, or it falls as some deadly ice-spear aimed at the heart.

I have written in the past of the other main performances. They are repeated at the Stoll: Anthony Quayle's sable villain who looks much as Ira Aldridge must have done long ago; Vivien Leigh's lost Lavinia; Alan Webb's heart-wrung bystander Marcus; and Maxine Audley's fiend-like Tamora, though there I would like the Old Vic's Barbara Jefford to fight with her to the last.

Let me quote a few words from the French critic, Robert Kemp, on Olivier's Titus:

*Il dit, lance, projette le vers shakespeareen avec une clarté et une vigueur éblouissantes. Des anglicistes médiocres, tout à coup, comprennent Shakespeare. Entre la scène et nous, il n'y a pas de brumes, de pénombres, d'invisibles obstacles. Tout nous atteint : le mot, la pensée, l'action . . . Laurence Olivier est le plus grand comédien-tragédien de ce temps. Nous l'admirons à Paris, depuis l'extraordinaire Richard III. Nous avons besoin de son exemple, de ses leçons.*

Bearing its honours from Paris, Venice, Belgrade, Zagreb, Vienna and Warsaw—and Sir Laurence

acting and Brook's direction of authority, delicacy, and art have transformed it.

When I think of "Titus," that cry, "I am the sea!" will always sound. It is a very bad play or production that will not return something to memory when its name is mentioned. Derek Monsey, who is a dramatic critic of wit and civilised taste, has written in "Less Than Kind" (Arts Theatre) a piece that may remain with me for its creation of atmosphere.

The scene is a crumbling Venetian palazzo where the characters from a sultry, decadent world come to us for a few troubled hours. I think that their interplay would be appreciated more fully in a novel where Mr. Monsey would have elbow-room. "Less Than Kind" gives hope of a book to come; and, when it comes, I shall people it with the figures of Diane Cilento, Catherine Lacey, and André Morell. Under the direction of Yvonne Mitchell, they seek now to give theatrical force to a tale that is uneasy in the bounds of the theatre.

The Lyric, Hammersmith, play, David Piper's "Love and Laughter," would be uneasy anywhere. Its title has the note of a revue from the touring supply of the 'twenties. If I had been put down in the theatre and told merely, "You are now to see 'Love and Laughter,'" I should have nodded and prepared for the inevitable "scena" in sunny Seville (or torrid Tonga), followed by a roaring passage-of-arms for two comedians of the kind Sir Laurence Olivier pinned mercilessly in "The Entertainer" (another bad play that he transformed).

I doubt whether even Olivier would have made much of "Love and Laughter," its pallid verse, and its odd little housemaid-into-Duchess plot told with a perplexing lack of period sense. Let me say simply that the action "takes place on the lawn outside the western wing of the Duke of Sandleigh's baronial hall in Devonshire," and that Walter Fitzgerald is, most gallantly, the Duke. He will be my memory of a night that might have been better with a musical score.

So to the Moscow State Variety Theatre which I met at Streatham Hill (it was bound later for Golders Green). This is hardly vaudeville as we think of it in Britain, but a grave ritual with much folk-dance and song. From much that is agreeable I shall recall the three girls who, to the accompaniment of the bandura (the bandura is a large, many-stringed instrument), sang suddenly, and very sweetly, "Over the Sea to Skye." And I shall not forget the doira player—the doira is a cross between a very large tambourine and the top of a drum—the conjuror and his goldfish (what is it that makes your conjuror a goldfish-fancier?), and the comedian, disguised as a pair of urchins, who fought himself, in the most complicated manner, all round the stage.

I cannot end the week without speaking of an occasion that I had to miss, but which would have

delighted me. Members of the Gilbert and Sullivan Society gathered to see Derek Oldham lay a commemorative sheaf of flowers on Gilbert's memorial upon the Embankment, and then adjourned to dinner at a Fleet Street tavern. It was a jubilee celebration of the knighthood conferred upon Gilbert in the Birthday Honours of 1907. A suitably-phrased menu-card, beginning with "rich mock turtle," included this toast list: "We Love Our Queen"; "Mystic Poet"; "As One Individual"; "A Theatrical Crew."

Good indeed. But my memory of the week must be of the way in which that "Theatrical Crew" at the Stoll has once more transformed "Titus"—and not merely (more or less in the words of Robin Oakapple) by making hideous faces at us to freeze the very marrow in our bones. That, as Adam observed, would be "simply rude—nothing more."



"THE SCENE IS A CRUMBLING VENETIAN PALAZZO, WHERE THE CHARACTERS FROM A SULTRY, DECADENT WORLD COME TO US FOR A FEW TROUBLED HOURS": "LESS THAN KIND" (ARTS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM DEREK MONSEY'S PLAY WITH MIA PLAYED BY DIANE CILENTO AND TOMMASO, THE BUTLER, BY JOE GIBBONS.



A NEW PRODUCTION WHICH HAD ITS FIRST LONDON PERFORMANCE ON JULY 8: "GISELLE" (SADLER'S WELLS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE ROYAL BALLET'S REVIVAL WITH (L. TO R.) GISSELLE (ANNE HEATON); HILARION (HENRY LEGERTON) AND ALBRECHT (MIRO ZOLAN). THE DECOR AND COSTUMES ARE BY PETER RICE. IT WAS FIRST PRESENTED AT SANTANDER LAST AUGUST.

became a most impressive linguist during his first-night speech—"Titus" is at the Stoll until the end of the first week in August. This is certainly the play's longest consecutive run, and one that may not be exceeded. There has not been in our day a more remarkable feat of legerdemain than the replacement of the dire shocker by a work of tragic splendour. It is the old play; but great

#### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ANTARCTICA" (Players).—A musical fantasy composed by Peter Greenwell. (July 4.)

"HENRY THE FOURTH, PART ONE" (Shrewsbury).—An open-air production, directed by Eric Salmon, that begins the Shrewsbury Summer Festival. (July 8.)

"SILVER WEDDING" (Cambridge).—Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton in comedy. (July 9.)

"THE LIZARD ON THE ROCK" (Birmingham Repertory).—A new play by John Hall, directed by Douglas Seale. (July 9.)

"BROTHER LUCIFER" (Shrewsbury).—Sebastian Shaw in a play by Margaret Rose performed in the Abbey Church. (July 11.)

**MODERN FRENCH MASTERS: OUTSTANDING WORKS IN A LONDON SUMMER EXHIBITION.**



"LES BORDS DU LOING," BY ALFRED SISLEY (1840-99) : IN THE STRIKING EXHIBITION OF MODERN FRENCH MASTERS AT THE O'HANA GALLERY, 13, CARLOS PLACE.  
(Oil on canvas; 23½ by 32 ins.)



"PICQUE-NIQUE A MONTMORENCY": AN INTERESTING WORK BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903) PAINTED IN 1858. PISSARRO WAS A PUPIL OF COROT. (Oil on canvas; 14½ by 18 ins.)

IN its Summer Exhibition of "Modern French Masters, 1850-1950," the O'Hana Gallery, 13, Carlos Place, covers a wide field ranging from Boudin to Braque. Especially interesting is the group of eleven works by Renoir, among them four striking landscapes, which are most effectively hung on the same walls as the five Bonnards. There is a wonderful harmony of colour and flowing lines in the paintings by these two artists. Renoir's "Danseuse Espagnol" shows the artist in his most confident mood—there is absolutely no hesitation in the beautiful painting of the relaxed dancer. The three late landscapes by Bonnard, one of them seen through a window, provide a fascinating comparison with his "Faune et Nymphe," a rhythmic composition of 1903. Georges Braque is represented by six works, including the important oval "Cubist Composition" of 1911, which was sold at Sotheby's earlier this year. The earliest work in the exhibition is the Pissarro shown here, which illustrates most clearly the influence of Corot on the young Pissarro, who was very proud to be his pupil. In a similar vein are two Boudins and a Jongkind. Two fine Sisley landscapes and the superb Monet, recently acquired in Paris (and soon to be shown in the Edinburgh Festival Monet Exhibition) are examples of French landscape painting at its best.



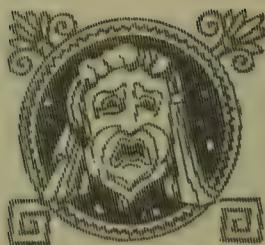
"ANTIBES, VUE DES JARDINS DE LA SALIS": A MAGNIFICENT PAINTING OF 1888, BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926), WHICH WAS BOUGHT BY THE O'HANA GALLERY FOR £23,000 IN THE MARGARET THOMPSON BIDDLE SALE IN PARIS ON JUNE 14. (Oil on canvas; 29 by 36½ ins.)



"VILLEFRANCHE SUR MER—VUE DE ST. JEAN," PAINTED BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919) IN 1893. THERE ARE ELEVEN WORKS BY RENOIR IN THIS EXHIBITION.  
(Oil on canvas; 18 by 21½ ins.)



"LE MAIRIE A ORTHEZ": A POWERFUL COMPOSITION OF 1917 BY MAURICE UTRILLO (1883-1955). THIS SUMMER EXHIBITION AT THE O'HANA GALLERY CONTINUES UNTIL SEPTEMBER 14.  
(Oil on canvas; 25½ by 36 ins.)



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### Mounting Satisfaction.

By ALAN DENT.

BUT it is a distinctly low pitch of satisfaction at the start. Most of us came away from Otto Preminger's film of "Saint Joan" feeling that we had had little more than a couple of sips out of Bernard Shaw's great overflowing goblet of a play. The only acting successes in the whole elaborate production are those of John Gielgud and Felix Aylmer in what was left of the parts of Warwick and the Inquisitor, to which one would add good and moving moments from Harry Andrews as Stogumber, Kenneth Haigh as Brother Martin, and Victor Maddern as the English Soldier who handed Joan a rough crucifix in her last mortal minutes.

The rest is by no means silence. It is Richard Widmark coping strenuously but quite ineffectively with the character of the Dauphin which is almost visibly to be discerned eluding him. (If we call Mr. Widmark wide of the mark, it is because he violently asks for it.) It is Richard Todd making a sad stick of Dunois, and Anton Walbrook making an inarticulate log of the highly articulate Cauchon. It is Jean Seberg, the pretty little American beginner, chosen out of many thousand aspirants for this screen-part, who is nearer to the sentimental than to the Shavian Joan and who anyhow only begins to be adequate when she is about to be burned. By the way, I have had occasion to rebuke my young colleague, Mr. Peter Forster, for describing this performance as "Joan of Arkansas." I have reminded him that there are only two really essential attributes in the good critic—one, as William Archer pointed out, the ability to sleep sitting upright without snoring; and two, the ability to resist being witty at the expense of truth. Miss Seberg unfortunately comes from Iowa, not Arkansas, and the whole of Missouri lies between those two States. However, I do wish I had thought of it myself!

speaking Russian, though we do not hear their voices at all. This is, for me, at least, an almost unbearable compromise and no kind of solution of the difficulty. The pity of it is that the film itself has great visual dignity, and that one of the players at least, the all-important Othello

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AS THE REGENT AND MARILYN MONROE AS ELSIE IN WARNER BROS.' "THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL."

In making his double choice Alan Dent writes: "It is just about as unlikely a partnership as has ever been conceived even in 'The World of the Cinema'—a major English actor and a major American wiggler. But—in spite of a welter of over-publicity—it comes off this once, the medium being one of Terence Rattigan's lightest comedies, 'The Sleeping Prince,' now entitled for film purposes 'The Prince and the Showgirl.' It says much for both artists that *she* accepts the challenge to play up and that *he* resists the temptation to play down. The critics—with one or two protesting exceptions—have succumbed like nine-pins. The great public—with an odd million or two exceptions—will undoubtedly follow."



"A FEAST OF WIT"—"THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL": THE SCENE IN THE CARPATHIAN EMBASSY WHEN ELSIE (MARILYN MONROE) REALISES THAT INSTEAD OF THE PARTY SHE EXPECTED, A QUIET SUPPER FOR TWO WAS IN STORE FOR HER. NORTHBROOK (RICHARD WATTIS—IN EVENING DRESS) IS COMPLETELY UNPERTURBED BY HER DISTRESS. (LONDON PREMIERE: WARNER THEATRE, JUNE 25.)

The whole legend of Joan of Arc is public property, and Mr. Preminger would have done far better to leave Bernard Shaw right out of it, instead of twisting the Shaw masterpiece quite out of its carefully-planned shape. The same might be said, on the whole, about a distinctly more satisfactory film, the Soviet version of Shakespeare's "Othello." Some day someone—and it might as well have been the Russians—will have the courage to make a film out of Shakespearian sources instead of Shakespeare himself. (I refer here, of course, to film-makers of non-English-speaking countries.) The dialogue can then be quite new and in prose, and we won't have to face the almost insuperable difficulties of translation.

In the present version of "Othello" we have to endure the ordeal of hearing English voices speaking a garbled version of Shakespeare's text while the Russian actors are obviously

himself—M. Sergei Bondarchuk—is obviously a magnificent actor. But I would just as soon be listening to Verdi's music as to those English voices in the background. And why not, indeed?

The Rattigan-Monroe-Olivier film—what a sandwich!—is satisfying almost without qualification. It is perhaps twenty minutes too long for its flimsy content. Sir Laurence's direction is not quite as deft a thing as Lubitsch would have made of the same script. Miss Monroe is allowed to wiggle just about twenty times too often (though I would not for the world let anyone cut her wiggling

out backwards while leaving the Prince Regent of Carpathia and while the band outside the window is playing "The British Grenadiers"). As the Regent's mother-in-law, Dame Sybil Thorndike is more elaborate but less satisfying than was Miss Martita Hunt in the play-version. The Coronation scenes—it is the Coronation of King George V in 1911—could have been just a shade better managed.



"A PITLESS AND UNSPARING AND HIDEOUS TRUE-STORY": "A MAN ESCAPED" (FILMS DE FRANCE)—A SCENE IN THE PRISON AT LYONS WITH LIEUTENANT FONTAINE (FRANCOIS LETERRIER) AT THE HEAD OF THE FOOD LINE. THIS STRIKING FRENCH FILM IS PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT BRESON. (LONDON PREMIERE: ACADEMY CINEMA, JUNE 21.)

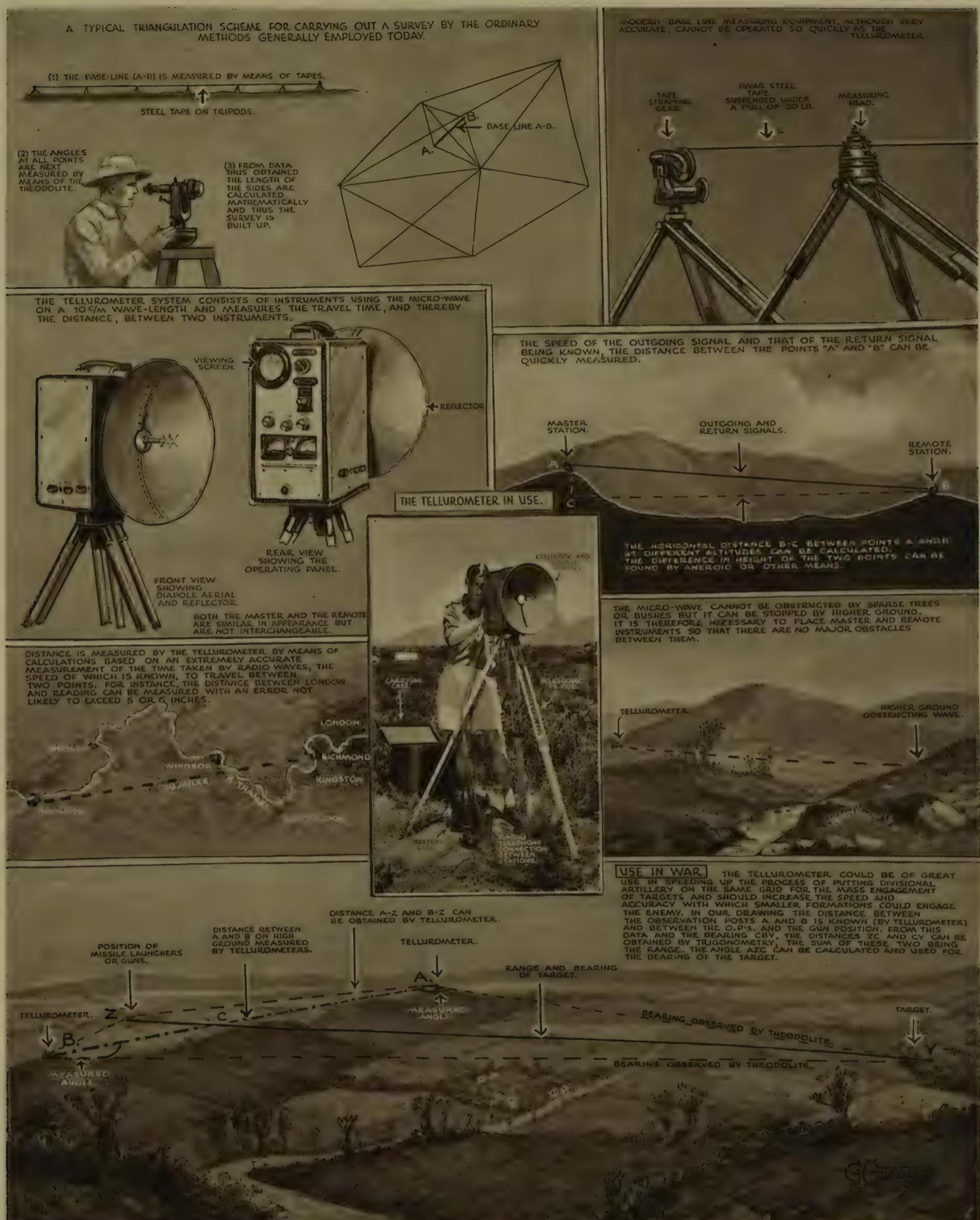
the Occupation. It is not a film for those who have no desire—or feel no compulsion—to face the facts of recent history. It is a piece of sheer art, the director being M. Robert Bresson, but it is not the sort of art that gives delight. It is, in fact, like nothing so much as the disasters of war as envisaged by Goya—scarring, cruel, but full of a bitter, burning force. I would not endure it again for any money, but I am glad that I screwed up enough courage to endure it once. It is marvellously acted by two complete amateurs—by François Leterrier as the superhumanly patient prisoner and by Charles Leclainche as the boy who looks like jeopardising the whole plan in its last and hardest phase. The occasional interruption of the film, so to speak, by the heart-rending quiet beauty of the Kyrie Eleison from Mozart's C minor Mass was a stroke of genius, reminding us of humanity amid all this inhumanity—of the inner life beyond the reach of pain.

### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE YOUNG STRANGER" (Generally Released; June 24).—How a very American and not very wise father came to know his own son. Intelligent, disturbing, well acted.

"CARRY ON, ADMIRAL" (Generally Released; July 8).—High and low jinks in and out of the Royal Navy with two good light comedians, David Tomlinson and Brian Reece, at their breeziest.

"THE HAPPY ROAD" (Generally Released; July 8).—An almost completely enchanting film about two runaway children and Gene Kelly—with Michael Redgrave as an excruciating British General thrown in for good measure.



A REVOLUTIONARY NEW INVENTION FOR SURVEYORS: THE TELLUROMETER—YET ANOTHER APPLICATION OF RADIO WAVES.

The Tellurometer is a new device for measuring distance which, it is claimed, will revolutionise surveying, the vital preliminary to all major civil engineering and construction schemes. Measurements of distance are obtained with the Tellurometer by calculations based on an extremely accurate measurement of the time it takes radio waves to travel between two points. The Tellurometer consists of a Master station and one or more Remote stations, and each station looks like the instrument shown in the central photograph above. An operator is required at each station and a radio-telephone circuit is used for controlling operations from the Master station. For the conventional system of surveying—by means of the theodolite, the measured base line and triangulation—good visibility is important; with the Tellurometer it is immaterial, although “in general, optical line of sight is required over

the length to be measured.” The range of the Tellurometer is given as between 20 and 35 miles, and its accuracy is such that the distance between London and Reading could be measured with an error not likely to exceed 6 or 7 ins. The minimum range is about 500 ft. An interesting example of the advantages of the Tellurometer is the following. Working with conventional equipment it took sixty men twenty-five days to establish a base line 7 miles long; with the Tellurometer the same line can be established by two men in half an hour. The inventor of this revolutionary equipment is Mr. T. L. Wadley, a South African, and the Tellurometer is being manufactured by Tellurometer (Pty.) Ltd. under licence from the South African Council for Scientific and Industrial Research. Marketing in this country and other parts of the world is in the hands of Cooke, Troughton and Simms Ltd.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE documentary type of fiction has to be always breaking new ground, or it will speedily come to affect one as the same again. Novels about Africa have long been under this curse, and "The Red Rock Wilderness," by Elspeth Huxley (Chatto and Windus; 15s.), with all its virtues, cannot escape entirely. There is indeed, a new feature; but this part, the ambitious core of the drama, is the least satisfying.

Dr. Ewart Clausen, one of the greatest scientists and perhaps the greatest European alive—a Norwegian, a Nobel Prizewinner in biology, and also a kind of Nansen Plus—has suddenly abandoned his career, to sit down and think in a remote corner of the French Congo. And by so doing he has made himself a legend. Pilgrims are drawn to Luala from far and wide; and the narrator, Andrew Colquhoun, has come all the way from Europe with the idea of penetrating his motives and writing his biography. Till now, Andrew has been a rolling stone on principle; so he is short of cash, and we find him stuck in Nairobi, looking for cheap transport. Luckily he has an acquaintance there—a young African lawyer he knew in London. Still more luckily, James Gichini has an errand in the same direction and can give him a lift. And then whom should they meet but James's friend Dr. Roland, an African scientist employed by S.M.A.C., the great international company, as a nutrition expert. Roland is on his way to Luala, where new laboratories are being built; and they go on together.

It may be only a run of luck. But it strikes Andrew as too pat; he has the impression that James is no longer a friend, while Roland, with his intellectual force and his snuff-box miniature of the young Bonaparte, is something more than a biochemist. As for the "desert" of his imagination—it has become a hive, a key point in the "battle for Africa." Zuckermann, the S.M.A.C. tycoon, is planning not only a research clinic but an academy-in-the-bush, a centre of philosophic light, with Clausen as the big draw. He has no inkling of what Andrew is soon to learn: that the other side have also made it a key point, a heart of darkness—again with Clausen as the big draw.

It is no great slur on the author to suggest that Clausen and his predicament are beyond her range. Nor is it her fault that some other elements, like the heroine's "dead secret," are so familiar. Anyhow, these drawbacks are more than outweighed by the variety and breadth of view, and by a kind of tingling excitement which goes far beyond the plot, and indeed sets in with the first paragraph.

## OTHER FICTION.

One can't have everything; and "The Mystic Masseur," by V. S. Naipaul (André Deutsch; 12s. 6d.), is rather short of excitement, structure, and, in a sense, even grip. It just goes on. But then, it is a first novel. It is also unique in substance, promising (which is a very bold statement) in the highest degree, and indescribably taking.

Of course we have had other novels from Trinidad: even by Indians, I think. But none with any resemblance to the life-story of Ganesh Ramsumair, who, after four unhappy and undistinguished years at the Queen's Royal College, becomes successively a failed teacher, a failed masseur, a famous and thriving soul-curer, a political leader, and at last an M.B.E. For quite a long time—until it happens, in fact, and long after his establishment as the bookworm of Fuente Grove—one can't conceive of his getting anywhere. All Ganesh ever gets are ideas. But when it comes to the point: "Don't rush me. Thinking, thinking about it all the time." His career and outlook, his domestic and social setting are a feast. The humour is extraordinarily rich, and, even apart from the dialect, hopeless to convey. There is so much life in it.

"The Poisoned Crown," by Maurice Druon (Hart-Davis; 15s.), ranks as a stand-by. Here we are in the third volume of "The Accursed Kings," and six months from the death of Philip the Fair. Last time, his wretched successor Louis X had his adulterous wife strangled in Château-Gaillard. Now he marries Clémence of Hungary: while the young Lombard Guccio Baglioni makes a stolen match with his high-born though beggarly sweetheart Marie. At the end (which means in less than a year), Louis has been poisoned, and the young couple torn apart. By the standards of this lurid though exact chronicle, rather a quiet volume. But it is no falling-off, and leaves one agog as ever.

"The Midnight Plumber," by Maurice Procter (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), is another excellent police story from "Granchester." Here a tightly-organised gang has worked a series of big robberies without a clue—and three "grasshoppers" have been liquidated. All the third could pass on was that "there's summat about a plumber": not very helpful... However, we see Inspector Martineau and his colleagues gradually reconstructing the gang from the most tenuous lead, and then planning the round-up. This writer was in the Force himself, and in a modest way he has everything: not only exciting action, plausible and varied crooks, and policemen to match, but also a good no-nonsense style with a touch of humour.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM THE BANK OF ENGLAND TO LA MAISON PRUNIER.

TO those who grew to maturity between the wars, Montagu Norman, the great Governor of the Bank of England, was an enigmatic and slightly sinister figure. The famous black hat, the beard and his absurd habit of travelling "incognito" under the name (was it?) of "Professor Skinner," was a gift to the cartoonists—a gift of which they did not always make kind use. He was suspected by the uninformed public of being responsible for the economic disasters which followed on (though now we see they did not necessarily result from) the return to the Gold Standard. His ruthless pursuit of financial orthodoxy was connected in the public mind with the appalling total of the unemployed during the great depression and afterwards.

Those, however, who read "Lord Norman," by Sir Henry Clay (Macmillan; 36s.), will find that many of their preconceptions do not survive analysis. The late Sir Henry Clay was an adviser to the Governor of the Bank of England for fourteen years, from 1930, and was a distinguished economist in his own right. When Sir Henry was killed in a motor smash two or three years ago, the material for this work was virtually complete. In this excellent book, the gaps have been filled in by others, principally his late colleagues at the Bank. Those who are interested in the complicated story of central banking through all the difficult years between the wars, will find the bulk of this book a clear and excellent guide to a difficult subject. For the general reader, however, the chapter at the end entitled "The Man" will prove of most interest. It reveals Montagu Norman as having been sensitive but implacable, suffused with the deep courtliness of the true aristocrat, and yet sometimes "childishly violent and cruelly unjust towards those very people whose loyalty and affection made them put up with treatment they would not normally have tolerated." The truth is that this man, whose humility in dealing with his fellow human beings was deep and genuine, was, nevertheless, a dictator who believed in the Bank's maxim "the Governor governs." His passion for secrecy was pathological, but again often sprang from a puckish naughtiness and a desire to *épater les bourgeois*. Nevertheless, Montagu Norman's greatness emerges clearly from these pages. He had a sense of mission. "He would not willingly have associated himself with any such remoter generalisations as that the preservation of good government at home and peace abroad were what he was actually, if not consciously, engaged upon promoting. Yet those who worked with him were made to feel that the ends they served through him were, in some undefined and unclaimed way, sublime. He had eternal longings; he founded a professional brotherhood which survives him unimpaired; and, even when he failed to carry conviction, he radiated inspiration." A profoundly interesting book.

Mr. John van Druten, the playwright, must have given great pleasure to many readers of *The Illustrated London News*. In "The Widening Circle" (Heinemann; 18s.) he gives us an autobiography of a most unusual type. It takes the form of a kind of self-exploration, a gentle evocation of the forces and the factors which have made him what he is. It is the best type of autobiography, the one in which the author smiles at himself. "When I see my name listed now as that of a veteran playwright, I am still slightly astonished, so recently does it seem that I was a young and promising one, and I find the temptation still there to think of myself as that." Mr. van Druten provides us with a picture, too, of the literary skeins which have gone into the texture of his life. I was delighted to see that "The Hound of Heaven" was one of them, and delighted, too, with his story of seeing a copy of it on a department store bookshelf, under the heading "Poems about dogs"! I am also indebted to Mr. van Druten for introducing me to a poet of whom I must confess I had never hitherto heard; this is Edward Thomas. This is one of the most agreeable autobiographies which I have encountered for a long time, as it reveals, by implication, what a delightful person the author must be.

Madame Prunier and the restaurant which bears her name are among the adornments of the West End scene. In "La Maison" (Longmans; 21s.) she tells the story of "La Maison Prunier" from its beginnings, when it was founded as a small restaurant

in Paris by her grandfather, to its present florescence on both sides of the Channel. It was with particular interest that I read this fascinating story of a great and civilised enterprise which maintains the high standards of Parisian *haute cuisine*. In its way, too, it is an excellent history of Paris during its most exciting and most hardly tried years.

At the time of the year when readers are setting off for their Continental holidays, the appearance of "The Châteaux of France," by Ralph Dutton (Batsford; 35s.), is timely. Many readers will be thoroughly familiar with the famous châteaux of the Loire country and with the equally famous châteaux in the neighbourhood of Paris. Mr. Dutton, however, spreads his net much more widely to include the whole of France. The photographs, particularly the magnificent one in colour of Vaux-le-Vicomte, by A. F. Kersting, complete a delightful and instructive volume.

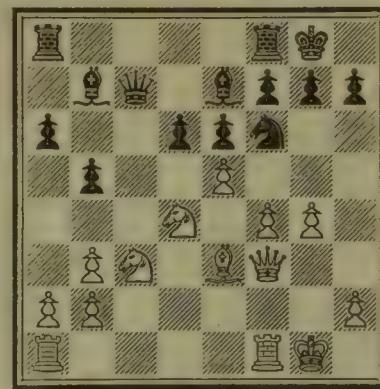
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3. P-Q4	P×P	10. P-B4	Castles
4. Kt×P	Kt-B3	11. Q-B3	Kt-QR4
5. Kt-QB3	P-Q3	12. P-KKt4	Kt×B
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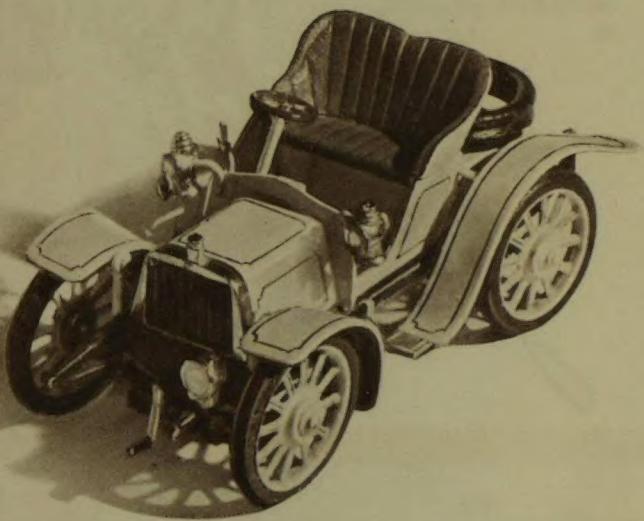
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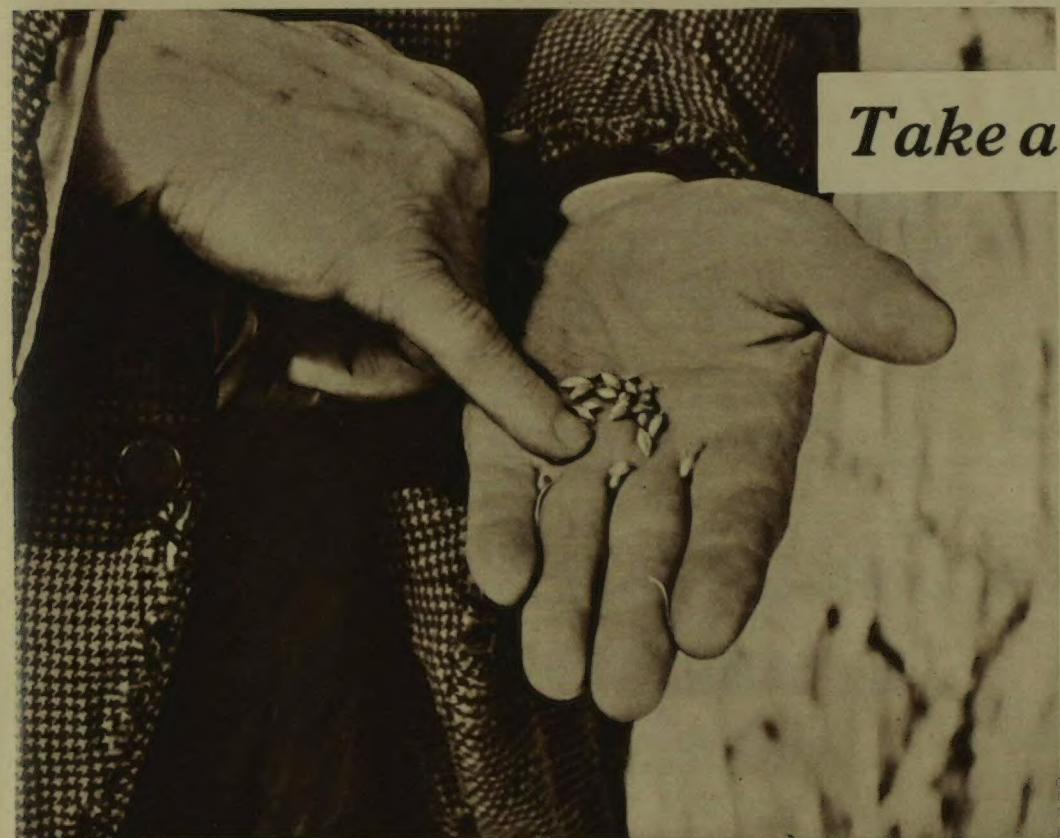
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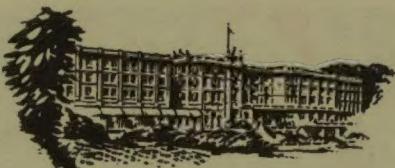
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